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## NINA'S ATONEMENT.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

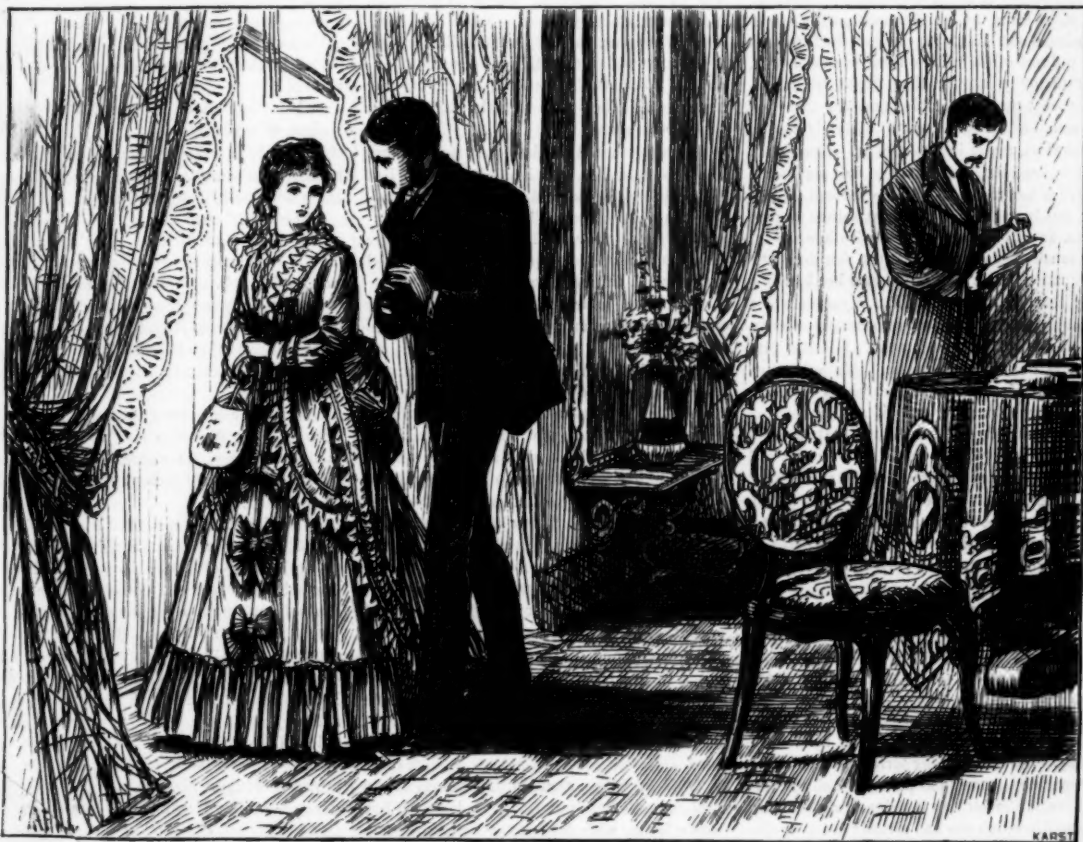
A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

NINA was nineteen on the 21st day of June. It was a glorious day for a birthday, the young girl thought, as she stood on

with an air of conscious pride among its sentinel-trees, the garden abounding in summer bloom and fragrance, the shrubbery full of green depths of shadowy coolness and stretches of velvet turf. Taken just then, it

Wyverne House. As Nina stood on the terrace, she was thinking, rather despondently, of the monotonous years which stretched behind her, and of the equally monotonous ones which might lie in advance. It was not



"Your friend is very uncivil."—Page 3.

the terrace of Wyverne House, looking out over the picturesque country in the full beauty of its midsummer loveliness, the green, waving woods, the golden wheat-fields over which the soft breeze stole with a gentle, billowy swell, the stately old house standing

would have been hard to find a lovelier place than this home of the Wyvernes; but Juan Fernandez was probably a lovely place, also, only this fact did not prevent Alexander Selkirk from finding it exceedingly dull—and scarcely less dull than Juan Fernandez was

a very entrancing prospect; and, although the girl was sufficiently of an optimist to accept life as it had been given, it was impossible to avoid a feeling of blank weariness on this anniversary of birth, when one has a right to look existence in the face and ask

what it has brought in the past, or is likely to bring in the future.

The answer to these questions was brief enough, as far as she was concerned. It had brought food and raiment, and a roof to shelter her, up to this date; it offered, with lavish generosity, the same good gifts for an indefinite length of time in the future. There are plenty of people in the world—good, narrow-minded, narrow-lived people—who would have thought such gifts all she could possibly need, and that to harbor even a longing for anything beyond, for some gleam of that brightness so dear to the eager heart of youth, was rank discontent and ingratitude. Given "a comfortable home," nothing in particular to do, and not the faintest suspicion of unkind treatment to endure, and how could a girl, who had not a shilling in her own right, venture to expect or wish for more? How could she possibly venture to indulge that desire for something beyond the dry husks of life, which is common to all forms of buoyant youth, and which, however carefully it may be repressed, can never be wholly subdued until the apathy of age comes to teach sometimes resignation, but more often the indifference that is born of hopelessness? Yet, it may be said for Nina that she did not often indulge these wishes, hopes, regrets, or whatever they might be called. They were uncomfortable, and the girl was too much of an epicurean to willingly endure discomfort, much less to seek it. She chafed a little, sometimes, against the dull stagnation in which her youth and beauty seemed stranded; but it was easier to accept things as they came, and to content herself with her novels, her music, her dreams, and the few domestic occupations that had fallen into her hands—very few they were, for Mrs. Wyverne was a notable housekeeper, with no fancy for sharing the reins of government. "It is a pity Nina is not more domestic," this lady often said; but she had taken no pains to make Nina more domestic, even if any amount of pains would have accomplished that result—which is highly doubtful. And so the girl had dreamed and loitered her life away, until she waked with a start, on her nineteenth birthday, to the realization that this monotony was to make the sum of her existence in the future as entirely as it had made it in the past.

Such a realization is always a shock. No life can be very irksome while there is hope of escape from it; but when we once realize that there is no escape—short of that dread change from which humanity recoils—we feel as if even that with which we were moderately content yesterday had grown intolerable to-day. Standing on the terrace that fair mid-summer day, some such phase of feeling came to Nina. She felt how hopelessly she was tied to the life which she had already begun to dislike, and which she would probably end by loathing—and, feeling this, a sudden longing to escape came over her—a longing all the greater because there was scarcely anything in the world less possible or less probable for her than escape. She was not only entirely dependent on the bounty of her uncle, but she had promised to marry his son. Now, this son—the only hope and heir of the house of Wyverne—was, like all of his family, a model

of domestic virtue. He was one of the men to whom it would never occur that there was a duty in life beyond his well-tilled fields, or a pleasure beyond his hearthstone, and a certain crotchet to be noticed hereafter; a man well known through all the country-side to be a walking bundle of good qualities, and eminently fitted to make the happiness of a "home-loving" woman's life. What he was calculated to be to a woman who was not home-loving, it is scarcely worth while to say. If we took the vote of the world at large on the fate of such women—such "monstrosities," Cornelia, surrounded by her jewels, is fond of calling them—not the most truthful record of suffering could alter the stern verdict "Served her right!"

Such as he was, however, Ralph Wyverne had been engaged to his pretty, penniless cousin for several months; and, as Nina stood absently plucking at her engagement-ring, she was wondering if it was indeed true that she would be married before another moon had waxed and waned. "At least, that will be some change!" she thought. And then she yawned. After all, would it be much more entertaining to live the same old life as Nina Wyverne than as Nina Dalzell? It was a question which she did not choose to answer. "Kismet!" she said, shrugging her shoulders. Then she turned and strolled toward the house.

As she entered the hall, a servant, whom she met, told her that her cousin, who had been absent for several days, had returned. "When did he come?" she asked, indifferently, as she took off her hat, pushing her hair from her face—flushed and overheated by her walk through the sun.

"Half an hour ago, ma'am, and there's another gentleman with him," Price answered.

"Another gentleman with him!" repeated Nina, and she frowned a little. It was not probable that Ralph had brought another gentleman from the city, where he had been on business. At least, such an idea never occurred to her. It was one of the neighbors, no doubt, whom he had met as he drove over from the railroad. "How provoking!" she said, as she moved away, without giving Price any further opportunity for enlightening her. The neighbors, individually or collectively, represented to Nina every thing in the world—that is, in *her* world—most tiresome. She knew every one of them so well, had been bored by every one of them so often, that she sighed with a dismal sense of coming weariness, as she crossed the hall toward the drawing-room, from which the sound of voices issued.

And so, with a cloud of impatience, not so well concealed as it should have been, on her white brow, with her pretty hair carelessly pushed back from her face, and the usual color on her cheeks deepened into the loveliest flush imaginable, she entered the room, where Ralph at once sprang eagerly to meet her, and where a brown-eyed, brown-haired, brown-mustached stranger was talking to Mrs. Wyverne.

"Oh!—not one of the neighbors, after all!" Nina thought, bestowing her first glance—as was natural enough—upon such a *rara*

*avis*, as an undoubted and indisputable stranger was, at Wyverne House. "How d'y'e do, Ralph?" she said to her *fiancé*. "You must have found it very warm driving over from the station. We none of us looked for you to-day. What made you come without writing?"

Now, most men arriving unexpectedly at home, even after the absence of a few days only, would scarcely have been flattered by such a welcome as this; but Ralph Wyverne was the most unexact of lovers. Up to this time, Nina had done and could do no wrong in his eyes. He had been her devoted and unquestioning slave from the time that she first came to them, a pretty child-maiden, with the airs of a young princess.

"I thought you might not be sorry to see me a little sooner than you expected," he answered, smiling. "And then I remembered what day it was, and I came to wish you many happy returns, Ninetta."

"Did you?" said Nina. "It was very kind of you—but be good enough to wish that there may be more entertaining returns, while you are about it. I was wondering this morning whether I was most a woman or a cabbage! And pray" (lowering her voice) "who is this you have brought home with you?"

"It is Martindale!" Ralph answered, with a glow of enthusiasm. "I met him in the city. He is just back from Germany, where he has been studying chemistry, and he has come down to help me with my experiments."

"Indeed!" said Nina, in a tone which spoke volumes of polite scorn—but, whether for the experiments or for the new-comer, it was hard to tell. "So this is the Mr. Martindale of whom you talk so much!" she added, glancing again at the stranger—this time more critically than she had done before.

"This is Martindale!" said Ralph, almost triumphantly.

Then, as a lull came in the conversation between Mrs. Wyverne and the brown-mustached stranger, he addressed the latter: "Martindale, let me present you to my cousin, Miss Dalzell."

"By Jove! the one to whom he is engaged!" that gentleman thought, as he bowed to the young girl, who in truth had quite dazzled him when she came into the room. He had not been looking for anything half so lovely, although Ralph had told him that she was "a beauty." As every one knows, however, this is such an arbitrary term, that Martindale's incredulity in the first instance, and surprise in the second, were not remarkable. Like most of us, he had heard so much of beauty, and seen so little, that he had grown thoroughly skeptical of all hearsay evidence regarding it; and so he was fairly startled by the radiant loveliness of the face before him. It will not do to describe Nina, because carping critics might have said, with a great deal of truth, that the bloom which made her so entrancing—which rested like down on the softly-rounded cheek and chin—was only that evanescent glory which Frenchmen call the gift of the devil. Evanescent or not, however, the devil certainly knows very well what he is about when he bestows it upon those whom he intends for purposes of

special mischief. Assuredly, few men could have turned from that bewildering freshness and brilliance of tint, that melting grace of outline, from the challenge of those lustrous eyes, or the crisp wave of that bright-bronze hair, to rave over the very features of Helen—granting even that Helen's features were what they are generally supposed to have been.

"I think I caught a glimpse of Miss Dalsell, as we drove round the terrace," Martindale said. "At least I saw a white dress, but it did not notice us."

"It did not see you," Nina answered. Although her life had been almost as secluded as that of Miss Thackeray's "Sleeping Beauty," she had never suffered from the shyness which afflicted poor Cecilia, and which, almost invariably, afflicts all of Cecilia's prototypes. "I wonder I did not see you," she pursued; "but I suppose I was thinking of something else. I remember I fell into quite a brown study, as people say. It is not a very pleasant way of passing time; but it is useful and profitable on one's birthday."

"Is to-day your birthday?" asked Martindale. "It is Midsummer-Day—the longest of the year."

"Is that any reason why it should not be my birthday?" the young lady demanded. "I was thinking only a little while ago what a lovely day it is for the purpose—the crown, as it were, of summer richness and beauty. And then there is something of fairy romance hanging over it. Who can think of Midsummer Night without thinking of Oberon, and Titania, and Puck?"

"We will go out to-night, and look for them," said Ralph. "Don't the old romances say that fairies hold a certain power over children born on the midsummer festival? Perhaps they will bring you a gift, Nina."

"They have never done so, yet," said Nina, shrugging her shoulders. "It would be rather late to begin when one is nineteen—don't you think so, Mr. Martindale?"

"Is nineteen so venerable an age that it is the bound of all things?" asked Martindale, laughing.

But he was sorry for having yielded to the inclination when he saw Nina flush and turn away, plainly offended. There was nothing which she disliked so much as being laughed at. It is not particularly agreeable to anybody; but Nina had no great sense of humor, and a most especial dread of ridicule. "Your friend is very uncivil," she said to Ralph, who followed her to the window whither she walked.

"He did not mean to be uncivil," Wyverne said, apologetically. "I think you will like him when you know him, Nina."

"Shall I?" asked Nina, sarcastically. "It will be a remarkable fact, then, for I don't often like people, and I am sure I shall not like any chemical person. What made you bring him, Ralph? I think it was very disagreeable of you."

"He is such an old friend of mine," said Ralph, a little crestfallen. "And then the experiments, Nina! Martindale is a good practical chemist, which I am not; and he will know how far I am right and how far wrong."

"I know that you are going to blow us all to atoms before you are done with your nonsense," Nina said, impatiently. "I really think that you ought to have more sense, and more regard for my wishes."

"As for not having more sense, I can't help that, you know, dear," said Ralph, smiling; "while, as for your wishes—you will thank me for disregarding them when I make a fortune for you."

"And what good would a dozen fortunes do me *here*?" demanded impetuous Nina.

"I have heard you say that you would not leave Wyverne if you were as rich as—as the Rothschilds! Besides, I don't believe in the fortune—it is all stuff! You are not thinking about it. You are only thinking about your horrid experiments."

"I can't help liking them, you know," he said, with a ludicrous air of apology.

And, although the fact should not have required an apology, it was true enough. Nature has strange freaks, and she had varied the dull monotony of the Wyverne race by developing an unsuspected man of science among them. If ever there was a born chemist, Ralph Wyverne was that man. From an early period of boyhood, he had dabbled in chemistry, had many times frightened the family out of their wits by untimely explosions, had turned his room at college into a laboratory, and since his return home devoted all his spare time to experiments which the family in general regarded very much as the people of the middle ages regarded witchcraft and demonology. "The boy is crazy!" his father said, contemptuously, while Nina viewed the whole thing with unqualified impatience. "As if you had to earn your bread!" she would say, scornfully, to Ralph, and when he talked of science she only stopped her ears. Men of science in all ages have had to bear this kind of treatment, however, Wyverne consoled himself by thinking; and having a great deal of obstinacy in a quiet way, as well as a great love for his "experiments," his chemical enthusiasm managed to survive it.

It was a fact, significant of the narrow limits of his life, that the only person whom he had ever found to sympathize with him was the man he now introduced so unexpectedly into his family circle—this Martindale, who had been an erratic but brilliant student of considerable promise when Ralph knew him at college, full of devotion to science, but full also of crude theories, wild enough to have exploded the whole system of chemistry as at present held and expounded. He had gained practical knowledge since that time in the laboratory of a distinguished German chemist; but, being a shrewd and clever thinker, he still inclined rather to the theoretical than the practical school. Too visionary, and too much a man of the world, to be ever eminent as a man of science, older chemists thought; but still, for so young a man, one or two lucky circumstances had already given him an enviable reputation in his profession, and Ralph's faith in Martindale was scarcely less than his faith in Faraday. To Nina, however, his name only represented a great deal of boredom. Ralph, full of enthusiasm for the talents of his friend, had

insisted on reading to her one or two of his scientific articles, over which she had yawned dismally. She had heard so much of him in connection with retorts and crucibles, blow-pipes and gases, that she had drawn one of those lively fancy sketches in which we are all prone to indulge—a portrait of a tall, light-haired, round-shouldered student, afflicted with shyness and spectacles. She was particularly sure of the spectacles, and was, therefore, naturally surprised when she saw a slender, handsome, well-dressed man, who scanned her coolly with clear, brown eyes, full of keen observation and a dash of humor which she did not fancy.

After the affront he had so unwittingly given, she saw very little more of him for the rest of the morning. It cannot be said, however, that this was her fault, or the fault of Martindale, either. The latter, being a man of taste as well as a chemist, would probably have liked to prosecute his acquaintance with the pretty, piquant face which had burst upon him so unexpectedly, and would certainly have preferred to spend the morning in the cool, dark, old-fashioned drawing-room, to broiling in an attic apartment which Ralph proudly called his laboratory. But he had no alternative of choice. To Nina's indignation, Wyverne hurried off on the first decent pretext to that chosen retreat of science, taking his friend along. "On my birthday, too!" she thought, angrily. Not that she honestly cared for her cousin's society—which more frequently wearied than interested her—but to be neglected at all was something which this unreasonable young lady could ill brook—and to be neglected for chemistry was insupportable indeed.

It must be recorded that she was malicious enough to feel a sensation of pleasure when she read "disappointed" legibly printed on Ralph's countenance as she met, or, rather, was overtaken by him on her way downstairs before dinner.

"I hope you have enjoyed your morning!" she said, very stiffly, as he drew her hand into his arm; but, when she looked up into his face and saw the inscription already mentioned, she was sufficiently heartless to laugh. "Dear me! I am afraid you have not enjoyed it, after all," she said.

"I am an ignorant fool, Nina," said poor Ralph, humbly. "It was all a mistake, dear. My experiments have come to nothing. Martindale says the idea is a good one—I knew *that*—but the process has been all wrong. In fact, he thinks the result I wish to obtain impracticable."

"Well, I hope you are satisfied!" said Nina, in a tone of triumph. "How often have I told you the same thing! But you only laughed at me, because I was not a chemist. Now that Mr. Martindale, who is a chemist, has told you that it is all nonsense, I hope you will throw all your things into the fire and have done with them."

"That is asking rather too much of me," said Ralph, laughing a little, despite his sore disappointment, and the still sorer sense of how little this disappointment was to the person who represented all the sweetness and fairness of the world to him.

At dinner, nothing further regarding the



matter transpired, only Nina was rather more gracious to Mr. Martindale than she might otherwise have been. She was very much obliged to him for telling Ralph that his obnoxious experiments amounted to "nothing," and that the result which he wished to obtain—though what this result was, she had not the faintest idea—was "impracticable." It showed more sense than she had expected from anybody who was "a chemical person" himself; and she manifested her appreciation by a degree of affability which astonished Ralph, and amused Martindale not a little. She was quite a piquant study, the latter thought, with her petulance, her patronage, her *insouciance*, and her really striking beauty. Nina would have been enraged if she had known how well she was entertaining this student of chemistry and of human nature, unconsciously to herself.

It chanced, however, that she was destined to entertain him still better—to give him a still clearer insight into her character—before the day was over. After the usual *siesta*, horses were always brought to the door at Wyverne House, and, as regularly as the day showed neither rain nor clouds, Nina went to ride—sometimes with Ralph, sometimes with her uncle, oftenest with both. On the present afternoon, when she came down in her habit, she found that Martindale was to join the party. This might have been said to be necessary—since it is a rule of civilized life that civilized people must go through the form of providing amusement for their guests—but at least it was not necessary for Ralph to have selected that particular occasion for reminding his father of certain lands which were to be cleared, and upon which it was necessary to decide, involving a ride through a part of the plantation where neither Nina nor Martindale would have found any thing of interest.

"If Martindale has no objection, you can take him with you through the woods, Nina," Ralph said, good-humoredly. "We will meet at the house."

"Perhaps Mr. Martindale has an objection," Nina demurred, looking with a spark of mischief in her eyes at that gentleman.

"It is very likely," the latter answered, dryly; "I know so much about the clearing of lands, and would probably feel such a lively interest in them, that Ralph should certainly take me with him as final referee on any disputed point."

"Oh, for the matter of that," said Miss Dalzell, nonchalantly, "we have nothing of special interest in the neighborhood. I cannot promise you a single interesting object or view; so, perhaps you might find it as entertaining to hear Ralph and uncle discuss their fields, as to ride with me through the woods and back again to the house."

"Perhaps you would prefer the discussion yourself," he suggested.

But she shrugged her shoulders.

"I have listened to talk of that kind every afternoon for the last ten years," she said. "It has lost the merit of novelty, therefore, which I fancy is the only merit it could ever have possessed. I am going this way," she added, turning her horse's head. "Of course you can come if you like."

"Thanks," said he, amused by the graciousness of the permission.

They left the dusty high-road which they had been following, to enter a bridle-path, deeply arched over with shade, and looking as if it might have led into the heart of an enchanted forest.

"Since this is Midsummer-Eve, we may hope to meet a fairy or two," Martindale said, after a while.

"Let us also hope, then, that they will bring me the gift of which Ralph spoke this morning," said Nina, with a slight, wistful sigh.

Slight as it was, this sigh did not escape the quick ear of her companion. He wondered a little what it meant, and, being fond of studying any problem which chance threw in his way, it occurred to him that it might be worth while to discover the cause of that soft inspiration.

"I fear that you would not be a fit recipient for fairy bounty," he said, smiling. "If I met a prince, arrayed in the traditional green and gold hunting-suit, riding along just now, I should be more inclined to doff my hat in salute, than to offer him charity."

"I am stupid, I suppose," said Nina, "but I don't see the force of the comparison. How am I like the prince, or how would the fairies be like you?"

"The fairies would only be like me inasmuch as, meeting you, they would probably say, 'She was born on our festival, but what can we bestow on her now that was not bestowed at her birth? She has beauty, wit, wealth, the charm to win and to keep love—what more can we give, with all our power?'"

"That is very pretty," said Nina, coldly; "but you see the fairies—if they were fairies—would know better than that. Instead of paying me empty compliments, they would know that there is a great deal they could give—for which I should be very thankful."

"I suppose nobody is ever entirely pleased with his lot in life," said Martindale, philosophically, "but I should have been tempted to suppose that if anybody ever is satisfied, it might have been yourself."

"Whom you have known since eleven o'clock this morning!" said she, with a laugh. "Do you usually decide upon people's 'lot in life' so promptly, Mr. Martindale? If so, you must possess either exceptional powers of judgment, or exceptional confidence in your own acuteness."

The mockery of her tone pleased rather than provoked her listener. He laughed a little himself as he turned in his saddle and looked at her, admiring the graceful, stately figure—Nina was "a woman with a presence"—the bright face vivid with color, the lovely eyes full of malicious amusement. "How pretty she is!" he thought, "and what a spice of the devil she has!"

"It does not follow that I possess either exceptional powers of judgment or exceptional confidence in my own acuteness, because I have been able to read at first sight some features of your life," he said aloud. "I should be blind as well as dull if I did not read them."

"It does not follow that, because you

have read you have understood," said she, falling into his trap with a facility that gratified him.

"Nothing could be more true," said he. "It does not, of course, follow that, because I have read, I have understood; but neither does it follow that, because I have read, I have not understood."

"And yet," said she, with another laugh—this time a little bitter—"you think my life so perfect that, if I were to meet a fairy at this moment, there is nothing she could possibly need to give me!"

"Nay," said he—and in the deep, woodland stillness through which they were riding, his voice seemed full of a sudden expression which thrilled her—"I did not mean to imply that your life was perfect. I said that you had many gifts—it is true, is it not?—but one may lack as well as possess. Indeed, in lacking some things, one lacks all things; and content is one of them."

It was a shrewd guess, and one which made Nina flush up to her temples—angry with him for speaking so plainly, angry with herself for having betrayed so much.

"I fancy content is one of the things which we all lack," said she, trying to answer indifferently. "All of us find monotony unpleasant, all of us think that we should like to season our lives with a little more spice. Color, zest, perfume, as the French say—some of our lives lack all of these things horribly; but probably they will go on lacking them to the end."

"Why should they?" he asked—adding, as he turned and looked at him, "you must pardon me if I say that some people are born for a groove, but you are not one of them."

"How do you know what I was born for?" asked Nina, curtly. "I did not say I was not very well satisfied with my life. At least" (shrugging her shoulders slightly), "if I were not willing to live always at Wyverne, I should scarcely be engaged to marry with Ralph."

"And do you think that to live always at Wyverne will satisfy you in the future, even though it may"—a doubtful accent here—"have done so in the past?"

She laughed—a slightly forced effort. There was something in the tone of the question, as well as in the intent gaze of the brown eyes looking at her, which made her a little nervous. They were riding just then through a ravine, where a green, dusky gloaming, inexpressibly full of fantastic suggestions, reigned. If she had done what was wise, if she had even done what instinct prompted, she would have waived the question which Martindale had no possible right to ask. But a sudden, reckless impulse made her answer it in words which she was afterward destined to remember and repent.

"Are you a fairy?" she said. "Fairies sometimes come under strange disguises. Have you the power to spirit me away from Wyverne if I should confess that its monotony has grown almost intolerable to me?"

"This is Midsummer-Day," and fairies, as you say, come under strange disguises sometimes. If you would believe in me, there is no telling what I might not do. I might even spirit you away to a world where you



would be happy. But, in all ages, enchanters have demanded trust."

"Which I am not ready to give," said Nina, feeling that this had gone too far. It was pleasant—it had a flavor of that spice which she desired—but still she felt that Mr. Martindale's glances and Mr. Martindale's tones would not have elicited Ralph's approbation, if he had seen or heard them; and, foolish and reckless though she was, the girl meant to be honest, after a somewhat blundering and indefinite fashion.

"Perhaps you will give it after a time," the would-be enchanter said, quietly. "Meanwhile, I should like you to remember that *our lives are what we make them*."

"I don't believe it," said she, scornfully. "Or, if it is true at all, it is true only of men—never of women. Circumstances make us."

"That is only because you do not know how to take advantage of them," said he, coolly.

But this provoked Nina, who knew how arbitrary the circumstances of her life had been.

"You only say so because you have never known what they really are," she retorted. "I agree with the writer who said that if a letter were written to Circumstances, and subscribed 'Your obedient servant,' the vast majority of mankind could sign it with the greatest truthfulness."

"It is certainly true that we are often indebted to them for some very good gifts," said he. "It hung, for instance, on a turn of chance, yesterday, whether or not I should come down here with Ralph. If I had not done so—"

"You would have been spared the necessity of blasting poor Ralph's hopes about his cherished 'idea,'" said Nina, laughing.

He started. "Have I blasted his hopes?" he asked. Then he, too, laughed a little—not a pleasant laugh, the girl thought. "Such hopes are easily revived again," he said. "There is nothing on earth so hard to kill as an inventor's fancy."

Something in his tone, as well as in his laugh, struck Nina unpleasantly, but she did not answer—perhaps because they emerged, just then, out of the dusky forest to an open space, where they saw

"The flower-like sunset shed its mystic blooms"

over the broad fields, the shadowy woods, a winding road in the distance where some cattle lingered, green hills near at hand melting into blue ones afar off, valleys bright with streams which caught the reflection of the gorgeous west, and purple hollows where night seemed already to have gathered. There were few sounds to break the stillness—only the soft music of falling water, the distant tinkle of a cow-bell, the note of a mocking-bird, or the coo of a wood-pigeon.

"Is it not lovely?" Nina said, leaning her elbow on the pommel of her saddle and her cheek on her hand.

"Very lovely!" her companion answered, and something in his tone made her glance quickly round. Then she saw that he was looking, not at the sunset scene, but at herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## JOE GORTON'S PASSENGER.

THE day was drawing toward its close, chill and raw. Lake Village was almost always gusty, but just now the wind was having its own way more than usual, and any passer through the long, bleak street, happening to glance in at the window of the little water-side tavern, might well have been tempted by the bright fire and good company inside the bar.

They were the usual afternoon loafers, with the exception of one small, wiry-looking man, a stranger, who had stopped to take a glass of something hot, and who, at the moment, was evidently the centre of the general interest.

"But what is it you know, anyhow, stranger?" asked one of the group. "Come, now, among friends."

"Never you mind," answered the man addressed, "I know enough to shut up John Sawyer a pretty spell, if not to make him swing, and I know how to tell it when the right time comes, don't you be afraid for that. The day's getting on," he added, abruptly, rising and turning toward the window, "and your duck-pond there don't look overagreeable just now. 'Who's a good boatman hereabouts? for, if I'm spilt, I can't swim.'"

"Joe Gorton's your man," was the answer; "he couldn't tip over if he tried, couldn't Joe."

"Why don't you wait till to-morrow, stranger, if you're afeard o' the weather? and them clouds over there do look kinder pesky," said the landlord of the Lakeside House, turning a practised eye on the gray mingling outlines of lake and sky.

"Well, fact is," said the other; "I'm acquainted over in Milham, and, if it's all the same to you—with a wink—I'd rather be there than here; so, if you'll hunt up this Joe What's-his-name, I'll be obliged."

The landlord, resenting the wink and the implied insinuation, opened the door and called out, rather sulkily, to some one in the next room: "Marge, run down to the water and tell Joe there's a passenger here."

In another minute the house-door closed, and a tall, slight girl's figure, with a shawl over its head, might have been seen hurrying down to the water-side.

Joe Gorton, busy about his boat, heard his name called, and, looking up, saw the girl Marge. The sharp wind had blown out stray locks of her crisp, black hair from under the red shawl, but the hectic in the cheeks, and the feverish brightness in the dilated eyes, were not all the wind's work. She came close to the young boatman, who raised himself up, facing her.

"Joe," she said, "there's a passenger waiting up to the house;" she laid her hand on his arm, and glanced cautiously round before adding, in a whisper: "Joe, if once that man reaches the other side, it's all up with father."

"What's that, Marge?" said the boatman, looking wonderingly at her.

"I tell you I heard it; he'll bring it home

to him, he says so, he's come a-purpose. It's father's chance clean gone if you take him across."

"Do you mean I should refuse to take him, Marge?" said Joe, slowly.

"What good would that do?" said the girl, impatiently. "Kelley or some of 'em would take him fast enough; what's father's life against a fare? No, it's you must take him, Joe, and then, if *any thing happens*," sinking her voice to a meaning whisper, "nobody but you and me's the wiser."

Joe started back.

"Marge, what's that you're thinking?"

"I can't help it!" cried the girl, passionately, twisting her fingers in the shawl-fringe so that it snapped; "he's my father, and never was a better but for the drink—you know yourself, everybody says so—and, if you could hear that man up there laughing and boasting he'll hang him! Joe, you'd find it hard to keep your hands off of him; but I don't ask you to so much as touch a finger to him, only, if the boat turns over, *he can't swim*. I heard him say so, and then father's saved, and nobody the wiser, for the best boatman that ever was might have an accident on a squally evening like this."

"There, there, Marge, be still, poor girl, you don't know what you're saying," interposed Joe.

"Yes I do," said she, passionately; "never you think that, Joe Gorton. I tell you it lays with you to save father or to kill him; yes, and me too, for if they hang him I'll never live over the day, and that I swear, so you choose between us. Hark!" she turned to listen. "I can't stay." She pressed her hand hard on his shoulder, looking up piteously in his face. "Joe, if ever you cared for me, save that poor old man!" And before he could answer she was gone, leaving him looking after her like one in a dream.

The clouds were getting lower and heavier as the boatman set off with his passenger.

"Looks as if we should have a spell of weather," said the latter, glancing from the leaden sky to the leaden water. "Hope you're what they cracked you up to be, for if I got a ducking here I shouldn't find myself again in a hurry."

"Well, I'm as good as they'll average, I reckon, mister—I didn't hear your name," said Joe, looking up inquiringly.

"Peter Groom is my name, and one I ain't ashamed of; it'll be pretty well known in these parts by this day week, I'm thinking," and the man smiled a smile not pleasant to see.

"How's that?" said Joe, anxious to betray no previous knowledge.

"I've come to give evidence in a trial that's coming off in your county town," answered Groom, motioning toward the Milham shore. "I've traveled nigh five hundred miles on purpose to do it, and I'd travel five hundred more if 'twas needed."

"Is it the Sawyer trial you mean?" asked Joe, carelessly. "People have been saying there ain't evidence enough to make a case, but I 'spose then there's something new turned up?"

"I should rather think so; something

that'll make a case'll hold John Sawyer as tight as his coffin."

Joe clinched his hand on his oar. He was beginning to understand Margy's hatred for this man, with his open exultation in the ruin he was going to work.

"I'm sorry for the old man," he said, after a pause, "and so are most folks about here. Wilson was known for a bully, and, if Sawyer really done it, 'twas that—that and the drink, for when he's himself he wouldn't hurt a worm."

"You've no need to tell me what John Sawyer is," said the other, shortly. "I knew him before you was born, before ever he came into these parts."

"Well," said the boatman, "you've a queer notion of old acquaintance' sake then, that's all."

"I'll give him a swing for old acquaintance' sake, if I can," replied Groom, with a scowl.

Joe drew a quick breath.

"Can you do that?" he said.

"That or a lifer. I tell you, my man, I saw it done."

"You saw Sawyer kill Wilson?" exclaimed Joe, stopping short on his oars.

"I saw him strike the blow that killed him, and that comes to pretty nigh the same thing, I take it."

"But how is it you've kept back all along?"

"Well, it's like this," said Groom, who appeared to be in a more communicative mood than a while before. "The day of the murder—to begin at the beginning—I happened to be passing through Milham, and stopped over a train there to see a man I had dealings with. He lived a little out of the town, a lonesome road, part of the way across some fields. I did my business, and started back again alone, as I had come. Half-way, or thereabout, I heard a kind of cussing and quarreling in the next field—right close to my ear it sounded, only I couldn't see any thing for the high hedge. 'What's up?' thinks I, 'might as well take a peep.' 'Twas an uncommon fine evening; moonlight you could almost see to read by, and I knew Sawyer as soon as I set eyes on him. His face was turned exactly to me, and ugly enough it looked then. The next minute I saw him strike out, and the other man went down like a log."

"And you let him lay?" interrupted Joe, in excitement. "You never called for help, nor nothing?"

"What for?" said Groom, carelessly. "I thought 'twas just a drunken quarrel—I knew what Sawyer was—and I left 'em to settle it between themselves. I had to look sharp for the next train, so I hurried back to the hotel, and none too soon either. I never thought again about the matter, till the other day I happened to hear that John Sawyer was going to be tried for murder, and, talking this way and that, I found the time and the gen'ral circumstances agreed with that evening—so, then, I knew I had seen the thing done."

Groom paused a moment, and when he resumed it was in an abstracted tone.

"'Twasn't particularly convenient for me to leave my business just then; if it'd been anybody else, I'd likely have left the poor

devil to sink or swim as might be, but John Sawyer! I tell you," he continued, through his set teeth, as, catching the boatman's eye, he appeared suddenly conscious of a listener, "I'd let all I've got go to rack and ruin for the pleasure of seeing John Sawyer stand there, a disgraced and convicted man, and saying to him, 'Twas me that did it!'"

There was something in Joe Gorton's breast on which the fierce words and manner jarred painfully. He was no preacher, this poor, untaught boatman; he did not know how to tell the man before him that his promised revenge was cruel and cowardly; but yet he felt that, even setting aside Margy's interests, there was something in it which roused all his instincts of resistance. He shook his head as he thought about it.

"That's a feeling I can't make out," he said, half aloud.

"Can't you?" said Groom, shortly, supposing the remark addressed to himself. "Have you got a sweetheart, young man?" he added, abruptly, after a short pause.

"A sweetheart?" repeated Joe, starting at the associations connected with the question, and the man who put it.

"Well, you've no cause to be shy of owning it," said Groom, who had noticed the movement. "A sweetheart, when she's the right sort, is what no man need be ashamed of. I had one myself when I was your age—" he stopped a moment—"I don't 'spose you'd often see her like, I never did. There was a girl up at that place, that tavern there, had a kind of look of her about the eyes and forehead, but nothing to compare—I had a friend, too—well, it ain't much of a story," Groom broke off with a dry laugh, "and I don't hardly know why I tell it at all, only, maybe, it'll help you make out what seems to puzzle you. The long and the short of it is, that my friend—mind that, youngster! my friend cheated me out of my sweetheart. I ain't much to look at, I know, never was, but I could care for a woman just as much as if I'd been six foot high, and fresh as a rose, and I'd take my oath she cared for me too, till he come between us with a false tongue enough to turn any girl's head. Well, he come off first best; she left me and went away with him. I swore then, boy," said Groom, looking darkly in his listener's earnest face, "that, if ever my day come, I'd be even with John Sawyer; I never thought 'twould, but it has, and do you think I'll let my chance slip now? No, by God!" and the man brought down his fist with a force that shook the boat-side.

"That was hard lines, sure enough," said Joe, thoughtfully, "but, Mr. Groom, you was speaking just now of a girl up at the tavern there? She's my sweetheart, and," added the boatman, slowly, "she's Sawyer's girl, his only child."

"No!" exclaimed Groom, evidently moved by the intelligence. "Hetty's child," he muttered to himself, "Hetty's child!"

"Yes," said Joe, eagerly, "don't forget whose child she is, and that you'll make her suffer along with the old man."

"Ah," said Groom, "that's all very well, but I don't forget neither whose child she is on the other side. No! I'm sorry for the

girl, and for you, youngster, since you've an interest in her, but I'd have my pay out of John Sawyer now, if I was to die for it."

Joe's grasp tightened convulsively on his oar. Was the man crazy, thus to make a boast of the misery he would cause before one whose advantage and opportunity it alike was to insure his silence? who had him almost as completely at his mercy here on this unfamiliar element as if they two had been alone in all the earth? If he were to die for it! Every plunge of the dark water seemed to be repeating those words. The boatman roused himself with a start at the sound of his passenger's voice.

"You're a pretty feller, ain't you, now," said the latter, resuming the subject in a lighter tone, "wanting to persuade me to cheat justice after that fashion?"

"As for that," answered Joe, "you said, yourself, if it had been anybody but Sawyer you wouldn't have troubled to hunt him down, and I can't see as that's any better notion of justice than mine. Besides," he added, gravely, "the old man's got his death-sentence a'ready, if that's what you want; what with the drink, he ain't the man he used to be, and the night of the quarrel he got a cough that's tearing him all to pieces; the doctors say he can't live long, nohow."

"He'll live long enough to make the acquaintance of a rope's-end, I reckon," said Groom, with a coarse laugh, "and that's all I care about."

The brutal words and manner roused the lurking devil in Joe Gorton's heart. He stammered out a curse, inarticulate for passion.

"Eh?" said Groom, catching the sound, but not the words, "what's that you say?"

The boatman stopped rowing, and leaned forward till he almost touched Groom where he sat.

"Just put yourself in the old man's place for a minute," he began, with an effort, speaking quietly. "'Spose there was somebody'd got the chance and the will to get shut o' you, just as you have of old Sawyer—"

"What are you driving at now?" interrupted Groom. "There ain't nobody, as I know of, has got either—more luck for me!" he ended, with a laugh.

"Ain't there?" said the boatman, slowly. "You talk about justice, Mr. Groom," he resumed, "but it ain't justice you've set out to do—it's murder. You've got the law on your side, as it happens, but all the same, as far as you're concerned, it's murder—as bad, for what I can see, as if somebody—as it might be me"—said Joe, looking fixedly in the other's face through the growing dusk, "somebody with a motive, no matter what, for wanting to be rid of you, getting you all alone—as it might be here—out of sight or help, should just put you quietly out o' the way—"

"Hey! d'ye mean to threaten me?" cried Groom, springing up. Just then the breaking gust struck sharp on the boat's side that, left to her own guidance, had drifted round; she gave a lurch and a bound that sent Groom, who, in starting back, had lost his balance, overboard like a shot.

Joe stared for an instant at the empty place opposite, hardly comprehending what

had happened so quickly, then, sudden as the lightning darting through the black sky above him, it flashed into his mind that here were silence and safety, and that through no act of his. "Why not profit by the accident? Why not, in the man's own spirit, in his very words, 'leave him to sink or swim, as might be?'" But Joe could no more be deceived by his own, than by others' sophistries; a voice within him cried: "If you leave this man to die, you are his murderer!" A great surge of horror and remorse for the thought that had been in his heart seemed to sweep him away, and before the second lightning-bolt could tear the clouds, he had thrown himself after Groom.

When the two rose together, the boat was nowhere in sight. There was nothing now for it but to strike out for the shore. Luckily, the Millan side was not now very distant; still, it was a hard stretch through the numbing water, encumbered, as he was, with his heavy clothing and the weight of Groom, who, moreover, himself completely helpless, held him with a nervous clutch that half strangled him. By the time they neared the shore, his strength was pretty well spent, but the growing lights gave him heart again; he rested an instant for the final pull, and just then it was that the gust seized him, unprepared, and whirled him away from the inlet he was making for, to the rock-ledge jutting into it, that caught and battered him—poor Joe.

He was conscious when they took him up, but there was a look in his face that foretold the end, even before the doctors did. As for Groom, he had been shielded by Joe's body, and, tough and wiry as he was, was scarcely the worse for the whole adventure. When he heard what they were saying about Joe, he burst out with an oath, and hurried to where he lay.

"Well, Gorton, and how is it with you?" he said, affecting to speak cheerfully, though struck at once by that look of death in the face.

"About as bad as it can be, Mr. Groom," answered Joe, feebly. "The old boat and I'll go down together, I reckon."

"Now, never you talk that stuff, my man," said Groom, in almost a blustering way, perhaps to conceal a certain unsteadiness of voice, "I owe you a life, and I ain't one to rest till I've paid it, if it takes all the doctors from here to Jericho. I've got means, I tell ye."

"No use, Mr. Groom," said Joe, "there ain't no doctor could patch up what's smashed inside of me.—But look here," and he instinctively lowered his voice, with a glance at the attendant, though there was little fear of that broken whisper reaching any ears but those close to it, "it's what I wanted to speak to you about—you owe me a life, you say; mine ain't yours to give—but old Sawyer's is—"

Groom's face darkened. "I swear I'd almost rather you asked for my own," he muttered.

"But you'll promise, Mr. Groom?" said Joe, in his eagerness managing to half raise himself, "you'll promise?"

"Well—I s'pose I ain't got no choice," answered Groom, still reluctantly; "yes, I do promise, there's my hand on it."

A gleam of intense delight for the moment almost drove the death-look from Joe's face. "It's all right, Margy," he whispered softly to himself, and laid his head back again.

Yes, it was all right, as Heaven sees right. When John Sawyer had been discharged for want of evidence, when the Lake-Village gossips, wondering over the stranger's disappearance, concluded that his boasts had been mere idle talk to make a sensation, Margy could have told them better. She knew how it was Joe had died, she knew that a life had been paid for her father's; and in a heart softened by pain she acknowledged that her prayer had been answered in God's own way.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

## ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

THE late Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, of Washington, was, for more than forty years, distinguished for his refined and generous hospitality. He was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Adams, Mr. Van Buren, General Harrison, and Mr. Fillmore, as well as with Mr. Rush, Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Livingston, Mr. Berrien, Mr. Preston, Mr. Everett, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. John C. Hamilton, Mr. William A. Duer, Mr. Sparks, Mr. Prescott, and a host of others of almost equal fame. He recorded during the latter years of his life many interesting anecdotes of men and events, which, with his letters from Europe in 1866-'67, and some of his contributions to the press, have been privately printed in a volume of rare typographical elegance. For this volume his friends are indebted to the liberality of Mrs. Tayloe. We have been permitted by Mr. Winslow M. Watson, the editor of the "Tayloe Memorial," to copy from it the following extracts:

DURING Mr. Jefferson's administration, party spirit ran very high, threatening disunion, civil and foreign wars. The feeling in administration circles toward England and Spain was very hostile. The American minister and his lady were treated with great disrespect in England, always being assigned the lowest places at the tables of cabinet ministers. Mr. Jefferson determined, as President, to resent this by following the example of the Court of St. James. On the arrival of Mr. Merry, in 1804, as H. B. M. minister, he was invited, with Mrs. Merry, to dine with the President. The members of his cabinet, with their wives, were present, and occupied the seats of honor above Mr. and Mrs. Merry. The example was followed by Mr. Madison, the Secretary of State, when he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Merry. The Marchioness D'Yrujo, wife to the Spanish minister, a beautiful woman, daughter of Governor McKean, of Pennsylvania, spoke with much feeling to Mrs. Madison on the subject, after dinner, in the drawing-room, and remarked, "This will be the cause of war." So I was informed by Mrs. Madison in after-years.

Mr. Buchanan, as President, imitated the

example of Mr. Jefferson, at his first entertainment of Lord and Lady Napier. Mr. Buchanan handed Miss Cass to table, Governor Cobb, Lady Napier, and Lord Napier, Madame Sartiges, an American. Mrs. Tayloe and myself were present, and observed the chagrin of the well-disciplined lady, who afterward acknowledged it to us, and both Lord Napier and herself talked freely to us on the subject.

Mr. Sartiges, French minister in 1852-'53, was a great stickler for etiquette. At a large dinner at Mr. E. Riggs's, he conducted to the table the most beautiful and the only young lady of the company, Miss Dulany, who had been celebrated by the notice of Washington Irving. She was agreeable, too, in conversation. Mr. Sartiges was then unmarried. At dinner he did not speak to the lady, and after dinner he complained to his host of disrespect in not being allotted to one of the married ladies, preferring, perhaps, some senator's wife. In the drawing-room he manifested his displeasure by his disrespect to the company, by turning his back to the fire, around which the ladies were seated, with the skirts of his coat over his arms. This I saw.

Prince Napoleon, I am told, did nearly the same thing at Governor Seward's, at a ladies' party. He, too, straddled a chair, and turned his back to the company. His potations could be his only apology, if he did not intend insult. He knew better.

At a dinner given by Mr. Webster, when Secretary of State, to General Cass, on his return from France, Mr. Webster requested Mr. Pageot, the French minister, to take his seat next the wife of the Spanish minister, "as you speak the languages she understands, French and Spanish, which I do not speak." Before going into dinner, Mr. Pageot took Mr. Fletcher Webster, the son of the secretary, aside, and inquired, "Am I invited here to be insulted? Am I invited as minister of France, or not?" Mr. Fletcher Webster said that he did not understand the object of the inquiry. While the explanation was being made, dinner was announced, and Miss Cass was left without an escort. To relieve her from embarrassment, Mr. Barnard, of Albany, offered his services. Just at this moment Mr. Pageot offered himself as escort to Miss Cass, and Mr. Barnard retired. Mr. Pageot did not address a word to Miss Cass, but made snappish replies to her, and she then gave him no further consideration, but fancied he was ill. On their return to the drawing-room, Mr. Pageot made known his griefs to General Cass, who disregarded them as unworthy of consideration. Not long afterward, Mr. Pageot gave a dinner, to which Mr. Webster was invited. No notice was taken of him, then Secretary of State. The Postmaster-General, Mr. Wickliffe, had the post of honor, and Mr. Webster seated himself among the most humble at the table. This premeditated insult was not noticed by the Secretary of State, but Mr. and Mrs. Webster ceased to visit Mr. and Mrs. Pageot. After a while, Mr. Webster met Mr. Pageot at the table of Mr. Bodisco, the Russian minister. Mr. Pageot endeavored to appear dignified, but Mr. Webster carelessly took hold of



a decanter, and, looking at the French minister, said, "A glass of wine with you, Mr. Pageot," and he had to swallow it.

SIR CHARLES BAGOT, H. B. M. minister, an accomplished and refined gentleman, distinguished for his amiability and the excellence of his manners, and his beautiful wife, daughter of Lord Mornington, and niece of the Duke of Wellington, in consequence of their peculiar fitness for the post, came to Washington to conciliate our government and the people on the conclusion of the War of 1812. Mr. Bagot, as he then was, afterward Sir Charles Bagot, was a brother of Lord Bagot, and was subsequently ambassador to Russia and Governor-General of Canada, where he died in office. In his mission to this country he was particularly successful and acceptable to all parties. He was somewhat of a humorist. While on his way to visit Mr. Madison, at Montpelier, he heard a wagoner narrating in the public inn a circumstance connected with the Hon. Benjamin Huger, member of Congress from South Carolina, and in every respect a gentleman, by birth, education, and the enjoyment of an ample fortune. Said the wagoner, "In a narrow part of the road, in which no vehicles could pass each other without both of them turning out, a splendid coach and four came up to me, and I heard an authoritative voice call out, 'Give me half the road, that I may pass!' I took no notice of it, but kept on, my horses on a walk. In a little while Mr. Huger put his head out of the window, and said: 'My friend, I travel faster than you do; will you be so kind as to give me half the road?' And I did so, for when Mr. Huger was polite, I became agreeable."

Mrs. BAGOT gave Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson, and the Misses Caton, letters of introduction to the Duke of Wellington. These letters introduced those accomplished ladies into the most distinguished society in England, where they made their mark. After Mrs. Patterson became a widow, she was married to the Marquis of Wellesley, at the time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. His offer was so prompt after her arrival in Dublin that she declined the honor. The archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church called upon her and remonstrated with her. He said her duty to the Church required her to marry the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; that Providence had selected her for the instrument of good. Not long after, George IV. echoed that opinion, that "her marriage seemed to have been destined for the conciliation of Ireland." The marquis, as I was told by Sir John Stewart, of the British army, married Mrs. Patterson with a mercenary object, and under the mistake that she was the lady who lived in splendor at Brighton, attracting notice for her brilliant equipage and style of living. Mrs. Patterson was the guest at Brighton of the millionaire, Miss Dulany, and had the use of her house and her equipage. (Miss Dulany was a distant relative of mine, and more nearly related to me than to her heir, Miss Rebecca Dulany, of Alexandria.) To accomplish his object, for the marquis was great at intrigue, he brought about a match

between Miss Dulany and his illegitimate son and physician, Sir John Hunter, a very attractive man. Soon after their marriage, the marquis asked of Sir John the loan of ten or twenty thousand pounds. This being refused on the ground of the property belonging to his wife, with which Sir John Hunter would not interfere, all social relations between him and his father ceased. Ultimately, the marquis ceased to command the respect of his wife, and they did not live happily together. After his death, the marchioness became the lady-in-waiting to the queen of William IV. Mr. Van Buren told me he was struck by "the ease and grace of our countrywoman, so superior to that of all the ladies of the court." The last years of her life were spent at Hampton Court, in which she had handsome apartments assigned to her, and where she died. The second sister, Miss Betsey Caton, married Lord Stafford, and the third, Louisa Catharine, was first married to Sir Felton Hervey, the favorite aide of the Duke of Wellington, and after his death to another aide, the Marquis of Caermarthen, subsequently Duke of Leeds. None of these ladies had children.

In presence of William IV., some one, perhaps willing to annoy Lady Wellesley, said, "And where is it you come from? The land where they guess, or the land where they calculate, or the land where they reckon?" The king instantly responded, saying, "The marchioness comes from the land where they enchant."

As that amiable gentleman, General Stephen Van Rensselaer, the patroon, was writing a letter at his desk in the Representatives' Hall, when a member of the House, and chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, one of the inquisitive tribe of the "Yankee nation," also a member of Congress, came to his desk and inquired of General Van Rensselaer, "Are you writing letters on agriculture?" "Yes, sir." "To whom are you writing?" "To the father-in-law of the Marquis of Wellesley." "I did not know you corresponded with those great folks," said the other, and then added, "I don't now recollect who is the father-in-law of the marquis of Wellesley. Who is he?" "Richard Caton, of Baltimore," was the reply.

FENIMORE COOPER and John M. Botts were introduced to each other in my presence, by my friend, Mr. J. C. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, on the steamer, as we crossed the Susquehanna, with the remark, "Though you differ politically, I do not see, gentlemen, why you should not know each other." There was a stiff manner with both, and an awkward silence, when I remarked, "I should sooner take each of them to belong to a different party than the one to which he was attached." Both warmly professed I was mistaken. Mr. Cooper said, with some asperity, "I am entirely a Democrat;" and Botts, with equal warmth, "I would be nothing but a Whig." Meeting the latter a few moments afterward, he said to me, "I could scarce tolerate Cooper for being a Democrat, because he knows better." The whole scene was extremely ludicrous.

WILLIAM B. GILES, of Virginia, and Judge

Duval, of Maryland, were members of Congress during the administration of Washington, and boarded in Philadelphia with Mrs. Gibbon, whose daughter was neither young nor taciturn. Mr. Giles, as senator, and Mr. Duval, as Comptroller of the Treasury, met again in Washington at the beginning of Jefferson's administration. They were happy in the revival of old times, until Mr. Giles inquired of Duval, "What has become of that d-d cackling old maid, Jenny Gibbon?" "She is Mrs. Duval, sir," was the reply.

MR. R. D. SHEPHERD, of New Orleans, told me he was acquainted in former years with a Mr. Earl, of Baltimore, who, while in England, visited Hampton Court Palace. On his return to the inn where he had left his horses, the innkeeper met him at the door, cap in hand, regretting "his lordship" had not received the attentions to which he was entitled. "How did you find me out?" said Earl, who was somewhat of a wag. "One of the servants discovered your title from your hat," was the reply. In the hat was written, "John Earl of Baltimore." Punctuation is sometimes essential.

MR. STEVENSON, on his return from England, told me he was at the entrance of the palace at the same moment with the hero of Waterloo, on one of the queen's receptions. The people shouted lustily, and apparently with great unanimity, "Hurrah for Wellington! Hurrah for Wellington!" waving their hats. The old hero was unmoved, and took no notice of the people. A young duke approached the Duke of Wellington, and remarked, "Your grace must be much gratified at this outburst of spontaneous applause." Looking toward the people with great contempt, and then toward his residence, Apsley House, he replied, "Look there, at my iron bars, to defend my windows from the same people."

At the Marquis of Lansdowne's, when the duke was quietly taking his refreshments standing, Mr. N. P. Willis, who was on the other side of the table, said to Mr. F. P. Corbin, in a voice so loud that the duke could not fail to hear him, "That is the noblest Roman of them all; how I do revere him," etc., etc. The duke never so much as raised his eyes to look at him. He was obstinately deaf.

WHEN Charles Sumner was in England, on his first visit, he made the acquaintance of Lord Brougham. Miss Harriet Martineau was then in this country. At a party one evening, in London, Brougham called out across the room, "Sumner, what has become of that devilish old fool, Harriet Martineau?"

GENERAL TUREAU, a savage general of the French Revolution, was minister from France during the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. Being destined for the guillotine, he made his escape by the aid of the jailer's daughter, whom he afterward married. She followed him to this country, but he did not introduce her to society. He had an accomplished secretary, Count de Carbre, who

played exquisitely on the flute. One warm summer evening, the neighbors of Tureau, in the "Seven Buildings," were aroused by the cries of Madame Tureau. De Carbre endeavored to drown them by his music. The people near the house became indignant, and threatened to pull it down. In the height of the excitement, the eccentric Dr. Thornton appeared upon the scene. He rushed into the house, and even into the room, to arrest the flagellation of madame by her brutal husband. On doing so, General Tureau fiercely said to him: "Dr. Thornton, you do not know de law of de nation." "But I know the laws of humanity, and I mean to enforce them," said the doctor. The irate general was silenced. Ultimately, he sent his wife to France.

When General Scott was promoted to be a brigadier-general, he was in command at Greenbush, opposite Albany. Mr. Van Buren, then a resident of Albany, gave a supper-party in honor of the occasion, at which Scott was, of course, the chief guest. When the company were about to go to the supper-room, Mr. Van Buren informed them that he was embarrassed by the unexpected arrival of a guest whom he had been accustomed to entertain, Colonel Burr, who had recently arrived from Boston on his return from Europe, but he could not invite him to join them without their consent. General Scott, being referred to, said he had no objection to Colonel Burr's company. The other gentlemen concurred. Colonel Burr was then invited in, and introduced to the party. At supper he was placed next to General Scott, to whom he was very civil and complimentary, congratulating him on his rapid promotion as likely to lead to victory, and then said, "There is an officer, who, if placed at the head of the army, would soon finish the war; but Mr. Madison will not appoint him on account of his connection with me. I allude to Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee." Colonel Burr then expatiated at some length on the military talents of Jackson, who was at that time comparatively unknown to General Scott or the country. These remarks of Colonel Burr were subsequently recalled to the recollection of General Scott by Jackson's brilliant victory at New Orleans. More than sixteen years elapsed before Scott and Burr met again. In the mean time, Burr had been the first to nominate General Jackson publicly for the presidency. After his election, Scott and Burr met again, on a steamer, and Burr reminded him of their conversation about General Jackson at Van Buren's supper, and then inquired of Scott if he ever saw General Jackson. Scott replied that when in Washington it was often his duty to call on him. "Does he ever say any thing about me?" inquired Burr. "Never," replied Scott. Some time after this, Colonel Burr, on meeting General Scott again, informed him that he had been to Washington, and had called on General Jackson, who received him very coolly, and added, "Like others, he has considered it politic to drop my acquaintance."

General Scott informed me that he recollected General Jackson's defence of Burr and his abuse of Jefferson, during Burr's trial at

Richmond, when he ranted to the people from the piazza of a tavern, like a crazy man, amusing some and disgusting others with his profanity.

DURING the canvass for the presidential election, in which Jefferson beat Adams, Burr, who was an early riser, met a boy soon after sunrise, with a basketful of pamphlets. Burr stopped him and inquired, "What have you?" at the same time taking up one of the pamphlets, saying, "I must have one." "No, sir," said the boy; "I have my directions where to leave every one of them." Burr induced him to part with one of them. It was Hamilton's attack on Adams, to show his unfitness for the presidency, and intended to have been privately circulated among the Federalists, to promote the election of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina. Burr had the pamphlet published at once in the Democratic newspapers. It went like wildfire, and aided the election of Jefferson and Burr. Theirs was a tie-vote, and Burr was near being elected President, because a Federal elector had written his vote for the ballot, preferring him for the vice-presidency to Mr. Adams, but on reflection substituted Adams, for fear that his vote might elect Jefferson. The elector, I am informed, was Mr. Coleman, of Pennsylvania.

Two years ago, in 1861, at Saratoga, as I was walking with Mr. John C. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton, I asked him whose house it was next to his own. "Burr's," he said. I could not but remark "on the coincidence, and how strange it was that Burr and Hamilton should live next door to each other, and on friendly terms." Said John C. Hamilton: "A few days ago I had occasion for a carpenter at my house, an old man, and he told me that he made the effigy of a man's bust, in 1804, the size of life, at which Aaron Burr shot while practising for the duel with my father."

AFTER General Scott's capture of Vera Cruz, in separate conversations with three of the foreign ministers at Washington, they told me that each had been on a mission to Mexico, and that General Scott must be defeated before he could reach the capital. Mr. Pakenham, the English minister, said General Santa Anna is a man of great abilities, a superior general, and a brave one, too, who "will never turn tail," to use his own words. After Santa Anna's inglorious escape from Cerro Gordo, I inquired of Mr. Pakenham what was his opinion now of General Santa Anna. He replied rather brusquely: "Would you have him to be such a fool as to suffer himself to be captured? He had nothing left for it, but to get off as well as he could."

Mr. Calderon de la Barca, from Spain, said to me: "There are no better troops in the world, nor better drilled and armed than the Mexicans;" that when General Scott reached Puebla he would meet a warlike people, very different from those he had encountered.

Baron Gerolt told me nearly the same thing, preparing me to expect defeat, saying, "he knew Mexico well." I have since learned

that the foreign residents here adopted these opinions very generally.

GOVERNOR MARCY, after his retirement from office, related to me many anecdotes in connection with his public life. He had no respect for the character or capacity of President Polk, and asserted that he was very hostile to both General Scott and General Taylor, and that but for himself General Scott would not have had command of the army in Mexico. Governor Marcy plainly told Mr. Polk that, as Secretary of War, he would not intrust his own reputation to any other general. "If you will get Colonel Benton's assent, I will appoint him," said Mr. Polk. Governor Marcy then called upon Colonel Benton, and informed him he had been sent by the President to inquire what general he thought ought to have the command. Benton began with the lowest on the army list, to each of whom he answered alike, "He will not do," referring among others to Worth, Wool, Jesup, Taylor, condemning all until he came to Scott. About him Governor Marcy made no inquiry, but merely remarked, "You have condemned all but General Scott," and returned with that statement to the President, who at once appointed Scott to the command of the army in Mexico. The sequel is known.

After the battle of Cerro Gordo, the news of which reached Washington on a day when President Polk had a reception, Colonel J. Graham, who attended it, congratulated the President on the glorious news. His response was, "Our brave fellows conquer under any kind of leader."

DURING the War of 1812, Major Manor Page Lomax, when acting adjutant-general to General Wilkinson, near the St. Lawrence River, was sent blindfolded within the British lines, on a message of duty. He dined with the British mess. At table toasts were drunk. A British officer gave, "Mr. Madison, dead or alive." When his turn came, Major Lomax gave, "The prince regent, drunk or sober." The giver of the first toast jumped up and fiercely asked: "Do you intend that for an insult?" Lomax coolly replied, "A return for one." With this Roland for an Oliver the matter dropped.

I HEARD Daniel Webster speak with scorn of both the Adamses. He remarked: "They had been faithless to their friends and their principles, and had no more sense of gratitude than a cat."

It was my good fortune to hear several of Webster's table-talks, in the Johnsonian style, some Boswell setting him off. He spoke in monologue, narrating anecdotes. Here is one: "One morning, in London, after a breakfast with Rogers, he left the house in company with the celebrated Sydney Smith, and, as they passed the door of Lord Brougham, Smith proposed a call, to which Mr. Webster assented. On entering, Smith introduced Mr. Webster as 'Mr. Clay.' Now, Mr. Clay had lately denounced Lord Brougham in the United States Senate. Mr. Webster said: 'Lord Brougham did not say a word to Mr. Clay, nor Mr. Clay to Lord Brougham.' Smith and Webster con-

tinned their walk together, and their talk, into St. James's Park. Suddenly the former became silent, and then asked Mr. Webster: 'Did not I introduce you to Lord Brougham as Mr. Clay?' 'Certainly you did,' said Webster. Smith soon afterward made an excuse for leaving Mr. Webster, and, when the latter returned to the hotel, he found Lord Brougham's card inscribed, 'for Mr. Webster.' Afterward he had intimate and most agreeable relations with Lord Brougham."

MRS. GENERAL JACKSON was full of the milk of human kindness, and remarkable for her good deeds, and her devotion to the church. The late Judge Bryan, of Washington, told me that when a youth (his father, a religious man, being an intimate and valued friend of Mrs. Jackson), he was on a visit to the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson talked to him of religion, gave him a hymn to read that was sung at a late funeral, and said, the general was disposed to be religious, and she believed would join the church, but for the coming presidential election; that his head was now full of politics. While they were in conversation, the general came in with a newspaper in his hand, to which he referred as denouncing his mother as a camp-follower, etc., exclaiming, "This is too bad!" and working himself up into such a passion that he swore quite as terribly as "our army in Flanders." When nearly exhausted and out of breath, Mrs. Jackson approached him, looked him in the face, and simply said, "Mr. Jackson!" He seemed subdued in a moment, and did not say another word.

WHEN in London, in 1837, my friend Admiral Wormeley gave me a dinner, and placed me next to Admiral Sir Charles Napier. He was vain, conceited, talked big, and much of himself, and in very broad Scotch too—a radical, very hostile to political opponents. He abused some of the British naval commanders in America, during the last war, especially Sir Alexander Cochrane and Sir George Cockburn. He said the disastrous campaign against New Orleans was gotten up to gratify Admiral Cochrane's cupidity, that he might seize the cotton. Of Cockburn, he said we could not detest him too much. He was a blackguard and a robber, and had disgraced himself in America. He also spoke of his own expedition up the Potomac, and of the capture of Alexandria. But he did not tell a story told by others: that, on being remonstrated with by the civil authorities for the seizure of flour, etc., he replied: "I take a wholly different view of the case, and for my part, by God! I should like to be at the sacking (so pronouncing the word sacking) of London!"

Admiral Napier told me of his disappointment at the news of peace. "For," said he, "in a fortnight I was to have fought my ship (the *Euryalus*) with the *Constellation*, Captain Gordon, then lying in Hampton Roads—the *Euryalus*, in the Chesapeake." He then told the story, addressing himself to the naval officers at the table, how the challenge had been given, brought to him by a "lawyer (since Governor Tazewell), who wanted to take every advantage, offering terms I could not accept;

but at last the matter was concluded, and I had no doubt about the result, for I had a fine ship in perfect discipline." He spoke in admiration of General Jackson, and desired me to convey his respects to him.

GENERAL JACKSON, in reply to my inquiry, when seated next to him at his table, told me he believed there was ground for the belief that the British soldiers were encouraged to fight at New Orleans by the use of the words "beauty and booty," and that he thought "the least the English said about it the better." These were his words, at the same time saying, he did not wish to revive the subject, and it had better be dropped.

WHEN John Quincy Adams was President, Mr. Webster took Mr. Featherstonehaugh, an English gentleman, who married Miss Duane, of New York, to the White House, and introduced him to Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams, as Mr. Featherstonehaugh told me, did not speak either to Mr. Webster or to him. "At last," said Mr. Featherstonehaugh, "I determined that Mr. Adams should say something; so, as we were leaving the apartment, I remarked, 'What a fine view of the Potomac the windows command.'" Mr. Adams then said that he was reminded, by the mention of the Potomac, of a very singular adventure which had occurred to him on its shores, and, on Mr. Featherstonehaugh inquiring the nature of it, he stated that, a few days before, he was bathing in its waters, and, on coming out, he discovered that his clothes had disappeared, owing to the rise of the tide. "What did you do?" inquired Mr. Featherstonehaugh. "I walked along the shore," said Mr. Adams, "until I met a boy, whom I dispatched to the house with a message to Mrs. Adams, and, after some delay, he returned with another suit of clothes."

Mr. Featherstonehaugh left the executive mansion with a clearer idea of republican simplicity than he ever had before.

The late Senator Pearce, of Maryland, told me he was one of the committee of arrangements on the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. On being presented to Mr. Lincoln, the latter inquired, "Are you James Alfred?" This being answered affirmatively, Mr. Lincoln said, "You are shorter than I am by six inches; not tall enough to turn away the balls." They were to ride in the carriage together, and some apprehensions had been expressed of the danger of assassination. The residue of the programme was laid before Mr. Lincoln by Senator Foote, of Vermont, the chairman of the committee, leaving one point of little importance, on which the committee did not agree, to be decided by Mr. Lincoln. He responded by an anecdote of an occurrence in his part of the country. He said it was expected a lawsuit would be decided by the testimony of a stranger, a very respectable-looking man, dressed in black, with a white cravat, and supposed to be a preacher. On being called to the book, and asked whether he would swear or affirm, he replied, "I don't care a damn which."

In the summer of 1864, I wrote to Mr.

Fillmore on the subject of the presidential nomination, and expressed my preference for himself as a candidate of the conservatives. In his reply, Mr. Fillmore remarks: "I can assure you, in all sincerity, that I have no desire ever to occupy that exalted station again, and more especially at a time like this. The truth is, that this patient is brought by the quack doctors, who control the administration, to the verge of the grave, and it is a serious question whether any thing can be done for his recovery, and whether it is not more necessary to employ an undertaker than a new physician. 'Fools may rush in where angels fear to tread,' but, for myself, I greatly prefer to stand back."

WHEN Mr. Madison (in his old age, and very feeble) was reposing on a sofa at Montpelier, he asked a friend to take a chair near him, with the remark, "Strange as it may appear, I always talk better when I lie."

Mr. Madison was something of a humorist, a man of refined wit and a capital talker.

WHILE Mr. Calhoun was associated with the Whigs in opposition to Jackson and Van Buren, I dined with Mr. Waggaman, Senator from Louisiana, in company with Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Mangum, and Mr. George C. Washington. In the course of conversation, Mr. Calhoun poured out scathing anathemas upon Mr. Van Buren, implying his baseness, and that, upon the whole, he was a mean, pitiful fellow. Mr. Clay playfully defended him, and for his good temper, which had prevented his resenting insults. Mr. Calhoun emphatically and somewhat indignantly replied, "A man without indignation is a man without principle!"

Yet, when Mr. Van Buren became President, Mr. Calhoun allied himself with him and visited him, declaring in the Senate that his "personal followed his political relations."

In his whole senatorial career, Mr. Calhoun opposed every appropriation for the city of Washington, as if for an object.

In the last queen's speech (1864) it is remarked that no reference is made to this country. When the distinguished Lord Jeffrey, then Mr. Francis Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, and recently married to Miss Wilkes, of New York, was in this country during the War of 1812, he was presented to Mr. Madison, who inquired, "What is thought of our war in England?" "It is not thought of at all," was the curt reply.

Jeffrey did injustice to Mr. Madison, who was a courtly and most respectable gentleman, who would have been held in high honor in every respect had he been a peer of England. "Mr. Madison," said Jeffrey, "reminded me of a school-master dressed up for a funeral." Mr. Madison, in that respect, unlike John Quincy Adams, had nothing of the school-master about him, but, in appearance and dress, and for his courtly manners, was as unmistakable a gentleman as Pitt, or any premier of Great Britain.

THIS day, December 18, 1863, I have been reading the last volume of Washington Irving's "Life and Letters." I had the pleas-



ure of his acquaintance in London and in this country. While abroad, I was once his partner at whist, and he nearly fell asleep. He was wide awake at a small dinner-party of about eight, at the Messrs. Hoffman, in Bedford Square, London, in 1818, where I met Washington Allston and Leslie, his special friends, who kept Irving a-going with his stories in the sketch-book style, before their publication. The dinner was a delightful one.

In the summer of 1833, I made a call, in company with Mr. Tillman, of Troy, on the Hon. Herman Knickerbocker, at his residence in Schaghticoke, in New York. The "prince," as he was usually styled, entertained us handsomely with champagne. While engaged in our libations, other visitors were announced, and the prince withdrew to receive them. He shortly returned, and announced to us that his new guests were Washington Irving and Mr. McCracken, of New York, on their way to Saratoga, and, as he had only three champagne-glasses, he begged as a great favor that we would surrender ours to his newly-arrived visitors. To this reasonable request, we of course cheerfully acceded, and, Messrs. Irving and McCracken being introduced, we spent a delightful hour. The prince was a character in his way, and many exquisite passages of wit and humor passed between him and his distinguished guest, Mr. Irving.

The Prince of Schaghticoke was the original of Diederich Knickerbocker's "cousin, the congressman."

## ROMANCE OF OLD COURT-LIFE IN FRANCE.

BY FRANCES ELLIOT.

WITH ILLUSTRATION BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE KEEPER OF THE ROYAL CONSCIENCE.

RICHELIEU, thoroughly exasperated, determined to crush the girl who had dared to brave him. He called to his aid his creature Chavigny. Chavigny was intriguing, acute, and superficial; an admirable tool—for he originated nothing. Years ago he had sold himself to Richelieu, but, as he always went out of his way to abuse him, the connection was not suspected. Under the direction of the cardinal, he had entirely gained the king's confidence. His easy good-nature encouraged the shy Louis to tell him all his secrets, and to consult him in all his difficulties.

Chavigny, who up to this time had attached little importance to the king's inclination for the new maid-of-honor, looking upon it simply as a passing admiration for an attractive girl, who was too inexperienced to take advantage of his favor, upon being questioned, informed Richelieu that the king wrote to her

daily, and that she replied as often. Richelieu at once resolved on his course of action. He would in future see the correspondence himself. Each letter was to be skillfully unsealed by his secretary, Desmaret, and read, before it was delivered.

It was not possible for even the hard, stern Richelieu to peruse these letters unmoved. He had been once young and passionate himself. He could not but appreciate the delicacy and eloquence with which the king veiled his passion, and softened intense love into the semblance of friendship. Nor could he avoid feeling some admiration for the sweet and simple nature that breathed in every line written by the maid-of-honor. Both were evidently ignorant of the ardor of their mutual attachment. What was to be done? He must consult the king's confessor.

Father Caussin, a Jesuit, had been only nine months confessor to the king. He was learned, conscientious, and guileless. Richelieu had selected him for this important post in the belief that he would assume no political influence over his royal penitent. The general of the order had objected to his appointment on the same grounds. In person Caussin was tall and spare. His long black cassock hung about his thin figure in heavy folds. His face was pale and emaciated. Yet a kindly smile played about his mouth, and his black eyes beamed with benevolence. Such was the ecclesiastic who seated himself opposite to Richelieu.

"My father," said the cardinal, saluting him stiffly, and leaning forward and laying his hands on some papers placed beside him on a table, as though they related to what he was about to say, "I have summoned you on a very grave matter." Nothing could be more solemn than the cardinal's voice and manner. The pleasant smile faded at once out of the confessor's face. He became as grave, if not as stern, as the cardinal, leaned his head upon his bony hand, and turned his eyes intently upon him. "Circumstances have come to my knowledge," continued Richelieu, "which, in my opinion, justify me in asking you a very searching question." Caussin moved uneasily, and in a somewhat troubled manner interrupted him.

"Your eminence will not, I trust, desire to trench upon the privacy of my office—for in that case I could not satisfy you."

Richelieu waved his hand impatiently, placed one knee over the other with great deliberation, and leaned back in his chair. "My father, I am surprised at your insinuation. We are both churchmen, and, I presume, understand our respective duties. The question that I would ask is one to which you may freely reply. Does it appear to you that his

majesty has of late shown indifference in his spiritual duties?" Caussin drew a long breath, and, though relieved, was evidently unwilling to answer.

"Pardon me, my father," again spoke the cardinal, a slight tone of asperity perceptible in his mellow voice, "I ask you this question entirely in the interest of the holy order to which you belong. Many benefices have fallen vacant lately, and it is possible—it is possible, I repeat—that I may advise his majesty to fill up some of them from the ranks of the Company of Jesus." His half-closed eyes rested significantly on Father Caussin as he said these words.

Caussin listened unmoved. "There are, doubtless," said he, "many members of our order who would do honor to your selection, cardinal. For myself, I want no preferment; indeed, I should decline it." He spoke with the frankness of perfect sincerity.

Richelieu looked down, and worked the points of his fingers impatiently on the table. His hands were singularly white and shapely, with taper fingers. As a young man, he had loved to display them; the habit had remained with him when he was thoughtful or annoyed. "Well, my father," said he, "your answer?"

Caussin eyed the cardinal suspiciously. "I am happy to reassure your eminence; his majesty is, as usual, in the most pious sentiments."

"Hum! that is strange, very strange; I fear that the benevolence of your nature, my father—" Caussin drew himself up, and a look as much approaching defiance as it was possible for him to assume passed into his pleasant face. Richelieu did not finish the offensive sentence. "It is strange," he went on to say, "for I have reason to know—I ask you for no information, reverend father—that his majesty's feelings are engaged in a mundane passion which, if encouraged, may lead him from those precepts and exercises in which he has hitherto lived in obedience to the Church."

"To what passion do you allude?" asked Caussin, cautiously.

"To the infatuation his majesty evinces for the new maid-of-honor, Louise de Lafayette. The lady is self-willed and romantic. She may lead him into deadly sin."

Caussin started. "I apprehend nothing of the kind," replied he, dryly.

"True, my father, but that is a matter of opinion. I think differently. Absolution, after repentance," continued the cardinal, pompously, "may wash out even crime; but it is for us—you, his majesty's confessor, and I, his minister, both faithful servants of the Holy Father"—Caussin looked hard at the cardinal, who was by no means considered orthodox at Rome—"it is for us to guard him

from even the semblance of evil. I have sent for you, my father, to assist me in placing Louise de Lafayette in a convent. It will be at least a measure of precaution. I shall require all your help, my father; will you give it me?" Richelieu, as he asked this important question, narrowly observed Caussin from under his drooping eyelids. The confessor was evidently embarrassed. His kindly countenance was troubled; and he was some time in answering.

"To dedicate a young and pure soul to God," he replied, at length, with evident hesitation, "is truly an acceptable work; but has your eminence considered that the lady in question is of the most blameless life, and that by her example and influence his majesty may be kept in that path of obedience and faith which some other attachment might not insure?" As he asked this question, Caussin leaned forward toward Richelieu, speaking earnestly.

"Father Caussin," said the cardinal, in his hardest manner, and motioning with his hand as though commanding special attention, "we must look in this matter beyond his majesty's feelings. I have good reason for alarm. A crisis is impending," and he turned again to the papers lying on the table with a significant air. "If Louise de Lafayette has any vocation, let her be advised to encourage it. Consider in what manner you can best bend the king's will to comply. You tell me the lady is a good Catholic; I rejoice to hear it. She comes of a family of heretics. She may be sincere, though I much doubt it. At all events, she must be removed; simply as a matter of precaution, my father, I repeat, she must be removed. Let me beg you to consult the general of your order upon this matter immediately. Understand me, I am advising this simply as a matter of precaution, nothing more." All this time Caussin had listened intently to the cardinal. The troubled look on his face had deepened into one of infinite sadness. His brow was knit, but there were doubt and hesitation in his manner.

"I can only consent to assist your eminence," he replied, in a low voice, after some moments of deep thought, "on the condition that the lady herself freely consents. I can permit no violence to be done to her inclinations, nor to the will of his majesty. If the lady is ready to offer up herself to the Church through my means, it will doubtless redound to the credit of our order; but she shall not be forced."

"Certainly not, certainly not," interposed Richelieu, in a much more affable tone. "I do not know why your reverence should start such a supposition."

"I will consult our general, cardinal," continued Caussin; "but I am bound to say that the influence the lady

has hitherto exercised has been most legitimate, most orthodox, altogether in favor of our order, to which she is devoted, and of the Church. She is a most pious lady."

"All the more fit for the privilege I propose to bestow upon her," answered Richelieu, with unction; "she will be safe from temptation within the bosom of the Church, a blessing we, my father," and Richelieu affected to heave a deep sigh, and cast up his eyes to heaven, "we, who live in the world, cannot attain. We act, then, in concert, my father," he added quickly, in his usual manner, "we act for the good of his majesty's soul!"

Caussin bowed acquiescence, but mistrust and perplexity were written upon every line of his honest face, as he observed the evident satisfaction evinced by the cardinal at his compliance.

Richelieu rose. "We will force no one's inclination, my father," he said, blandly, "but all possibility of scandal must be removed. You must at once prepare his majesty. It will be a good work, and will greatly recommend you to your order." Caussin, with a look of the deepest concern, bowed profoundly and withdrew. When he was alone, the cardinal re-seated himself and fell into a deep muse. "Now," said he, at length, speaking to himself, "her fate is sealed. I will take care that her vocation shall be perfect. This presumptuous girl shall soon come to rejoice, ay, rejoice, that she is permitted to take refuge in a convent. As for Caussin, he is a fool. I must remove him immediately."

Richelieu, as he said of himself, never halted in his resolves. Caussin was shortly sent off by a *lettre de cachet* to Rennes, narrowly escaping an intimation from the cardinal to his superior that it would be well to exercise his devotion to the order as a missionary in Canada.

## CHAPTER XL.

### A NOBLE RESOLVE.

THE court had removed from the Louvre to Saint-Germain, always the favorite abode of the melancholy monarch.

Louis suffered tortures from the galling restraints his position entailed upon him in his intercourse with Mademoiselle de Lafayette. He rarely saw her alone. When he addressed her, he was conscious that every eye was fixed upon them. Their correspondence, carried on by means of Chavigny, was, he felt, full of danger. His only comforter in his manifold troubles was this same treacherous Chavigny. Prompted by the cardinal, Chavigny urged the king, on every possible occasion, to make some arrangement with Mademoiselle de Lafayette to meet in private. "If she loves you," said

this unworthy tool, "if you really possess her heart, she will long to meet your majesty with greater freedom as much as you can do. It is for you to make some such proposal to her. Do it, sire; do it without delay, or, I assure you, the lady will think you careless and indifferent." Thus spoke Chavigny. Louis listened, meditated on what he said, and was convinced. He gave himself up to the most entrancing day-dreams.

The season was summer. The weather was hot, and the tall windows of the great saloon were thrown open. The court had gathered round the queen, who was engaged in a lively conversation with Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the young daughter of the Duc d'Orléans. Seeing that her services were not required, Louise de Lafayette, pensive and silent, stole away to the balcony outside the windows. She stood alone, lost in her own thoughts. With noiseless steps, Louis approached her. He leaned by her side over the balustrade, bending his eyes on the broad plains toward Paris.

"You are thoughtful, sire," said Louise, timidly. "Will you tell me your thoughts?"

"If I do," replied Louis, casting a fond glance upon her, "will you trust me with yours?"

A delicious tremor passed through her whole frame. She cast down her large gray eyes, and smiled. "Indeed, I trust you, sire," she murmured softly; "you know I do."

"But trust me more—let our communion be more intimate. A brother's love is not more pure than mine," whispered the king; "but," and he hesitated and blushed, "I have never enjoyed the privilege of a brother." Louise raised her eyes inquiringly. The king was greatly confused. "A brother—" and he stopped. Then, seeing her earnest look of curiosity—"A brother," he repeated, "salutes his sister; I have never enjoyed that privilege, Louise." He was scarcely audible. "Let my self-denial, at least, secure me all your confidence."

"O sire, you have it, entire and unreserved; you know it. I might distrust myself, but you, sire, never, never!"

"How happy you make me!" returned the king, and a sickly smile overspread his haggard face. "I understand—I appreciate your attachment to me; but oh, mademoiselle, how can my feeble words express mine to you?—how can I describe that which is without bounds—without limit? You can live without me. You can find solace in your own perfection, in the admiration of those around you—but I, I am nothing without you. I am a mere blank—a blot upon a luxurious court—an offence to my superb wife. No one cares for my happiness—not even for my existence, but you. When I cannot approach you, I am overcome by

despair. O Louise, give yourself up to me, in pity—without fear, without restraint. Let me see you every day—let me be encouraged by your words, led by your counsels, soothed by your pity, blessed by your sight. You say you do not doubt me. What, then, do you fear?”

The maid-of-honor looked at him with tearful eyes. His earnestness, his desolation, his entreaties, melted her heart. Her unconscious love made her pulses beat as quickly as his own.

heaved a sigh of relief—"what I ask depends entirely on you. You will grant it."

"Am I to promise?"

"Well, only give me your word; that is enough."

"Sire, I give you my word; from the bottom of my heart, I give you my word. Tell me what it is you desire." And she raised her face toward the king, who contemplated her with silent rapture.

"Not now—not now," murmured he, in a faltering voice; "I dare not; it

klings jewels, standing out from the painted walls—all the glamour of a luxurious court. Then he gazed at the sweet face of the lonely girl whose loving eyes were bent upon him awaiting his reply—his soul sank within him.

"Would to God I were not King of France!" he exclaimed abruptly, following the tenor of his thoughts. Then, seeing her wonder at this sudden outburst, he added: "The favor I ask of you shall be made known to you in writing. This evening you shall receive a letter from



"At your feet I abjure all profane, all unholy thoughts."—Page 15.

"You know that I am devoted to you—what more can I say?" she whispered, softly.

"I have a favor to ask you," said Louis, anxiously—"a favor so great I hesitate to name it." He was greatly agitated. At this moment, the passionate love he felt animated him with new life, and lent a charm to his countenance it had never borne before.

"A favor, sire?—it is granted before you speak. How is it that you have concealed from me any thing I can do to gratify you?"

"Then I am satisfied"—the king

would require too long an explanation—we might be interrupted," and he turned and glanced at the scene behind him—at Anne of Austria, blazing with diamonds, radiant with regal beauty, her silvery laugh surmounting the hum of conversation. He saw the brilliant crowd that thronged around her where she sat. Great princes, illustrious ministers, historic nobles, chivalric soldiers, grave diplomatists, stately matrons, ministers of state, her ladies in waiting, and the five other maids-of-honor, in the glory of golden youth. He saw the dazzling lights, the fluttering feathers, the gorgeous robes, the spar-

me; but"—and he drew closer to her and spoke almost fiercely—"remember you have pledged yourself to me—you cannot, you dare not withdraw your word. If you do"—and an agonized look came into his face—"you will drive me to madness." Saying these words, he suddenly disappeared. She was again left standing alone on the balcony.

Louise de Lafayette was startled, but not alarmed. The notion that the king was capable of making any indecorous proposition to her never for a moment occurred to her; at the same time she felt the utmost curiosity to know what



this secret might be. She formed a thousand different conjectures, each further than the other from the truth. On entering her room at night, she found a letter from the king. She hastily tore it open, and read as follows:

"I have long adored you, and you only. During the whole time that you have been at court I have been able but thrice to address you alone, and to chance only did I even then owe that inexpressible privilege. It is impossible for me to endure this restraint any longer. If you feel as I do, you will not desire it. I have therefore commanded that my hunting-lodge at Versailles should be arranged as much as possible in accordance with your taste. There is a garden laid out, filled with the flowers you love; there are secluded lawns; there is the boundless forest. Above all, there is freedom. Come, then, my Louise, and share with me this rural retreat—come where we can meet, unrestrained by the formalities of my court. Bring with you any friend you please. At Versailles I hope to spend part of every week in your company. My happiness will be perfect; you will find me the most grateful of men. You will have nothing to fear. Do you dread calumny? Who would dare to attack a lady as pure as yourself? May I not claim your consent when I rely on your promise to grant whatever I ask? I feel that you cannot deny me, for you have repeated a thousand times that you trust my principles. You cannot doubt my honor. To refuse me would only be to insult me. Surely, Louise, you would not do that? It would wound me to the very soul. It would destroy every hope of my future life.

(Signed) "LOUISE."

When Mademoiselle de Lafayette read this artful letter, which had been composed by Chavigny under the direction of Richelieu, and copied out by the king, she was utterly confounded. The fatal veil which had so long concealed the truth fell from her eyes. Even to a girl pure and simple as herself all further delusion was impossible. This letter and the feelings that dictated it were not to be misunderstood.

"Merciful Heavens!" cried she, clasping her hands, "with what a tone of authority, with what assurance, he proposes to dishonor me! This, then, is the attachment I believed to be so pure! What! does he, the husband of the Queen of France, suppose that I would encourage a guilty passion? Wretch that I am! Instead of helping him, I have led him into sin! I had no right to engross his thoughts. He is already estranged from his wife, and I have severed them still farther! O God! what will the queen

think of me? How can I atone for this horrible sin? I must—I will—reconcile them. Then God may forgive my involuntary crime!"

Again and again, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she read and reread the letter. She pressed the paper to her lips. The next moment she dashed it on the floor in an agony of remorse.

"Oh, how can I reply?" sobbed she. "What can I say to temper the blow which must sever us? He will be in despair—he will die. But my reputation, my honor—his own—his duty to the queen! No, I will never consent to such degradation—my soul revolts at the thought! How gladly would I sacrifice my life for him, but I cannot commit a sin. I must leave the palace, I must go—whither?"

As she listened to the echo of her own words, an unformed thought suddenly darted into her mind. Go—yes, she would go where none could follow. Youth, beauty, wealth—the sacrifice should be complete. She would prove, even in separation, how great had been her love. "There is no other way," she said, speaking aloud, and an angelic smile lit up her face. She cast herself upon her knees, and prayed in peace. Her prayer finished, she took her pen and replied thus to the king:

"Your majesty desires that our interviews should no longer be in the presence of witnesses. Before knowing what was required of me, I promised to comply. I will not withdraw my word; but I entreat of your majesty the liberty of myself selecting the place where these private interviews are to be held. When I have received your majesty's assent, I will inform you where this place is to be. In eight days' time I shall be prepared to receive you. Your majesty can then judge of the extent of my confidence, and of the unbounded devotion I feel toward you.

"LOUISE DE LAFAYETTE."

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE SACRIFICE.

NEXT morning, as soon as it was light, Louise sent for the king's confessor. She showed him the king's letter, and confided to him her resolution. Causin listened in silence; but the kindly old man, priest though he was, could not restrain his tears—so touching was her innocence, so heart-felt her sorrow. He understood the simple goodness of her heart; he trembled at the sacrifice she was imposing on herself; but he could not combat her determination. He promised, therefore,

to assist in making the needful arrangements, and he pledged himself to support the king in the trial awaiting him.

The coach was in waiting which was to bear her to her future home, when all at once she recollected she had still one final sacrifice to make. The letters of the king, which she always carried about her, were still intact within the silken cover in which she preserved them. She drew these letters from her bosom, and gazed on them in silent agony. Her eyes were blinded by tears. She dared not read them again, for she knew they would but increase her grief. As she held them in her hand, remorse at what she had done preponderated over every feeling. Thus to have enthralled a husband belonging to another—her sovereign and her mistress—came suddenly before her in its true light. She felt she had forgotten her duty. Once more she kissed the crumpled leaves over which her fingers had so often passed; she deluged them with her tears. Then she lit a taper and set fire to the whole.

She sat immovable before the burning fragments—her eyes fixed, her hands clasped. As the flame rose, glistened, and then melted away into light particles of dust, that the morning air, blowing in from the open window, bore away fluttering in the breeze, she seemed to look upon the death of her love. "Alas!" cried she, "now all is over." Vows of eternal constancy, entreaties that would melt a heart of stone, confidence beyond all limit, affection that enshrouded her in folds of unutterable tenderness—gone!—vanished into air! Such was the image of her life; a life bright in promise, gay and dazzling, to smoulder down into ashes, too fragile even to claim a resting-place.

Louise de Lafayette wrote a few lines to the Duchess de Sennéc, praying her to convey her dutiful salutations to her majesty, and to request her dismissal from the post of maid-of-honor, which, she said, she felt she had fulfilled so ill. Then she addressed the following note to the king: "I request your majesty to meet me this day week, at noon, in the parlor of the convent of the Daughters of Mary, in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine."

When the king read these lines his heart sank within him. The austerity of the place, a rendezvous in a convent of peculiar sanctity, where he knew Mademoiselle de Lafayette always resorted at the solemn season of Lent and Passion Week, where he could only converse with her between double bars, was not the place of meeting of which he had fondly dreamed! Yet his natural delicacy made him fully appreciate the modesty of Louise, and the gentle rebuke she administered to him for his too pressing solicitation in naming a place of meeting. At the convent, although they would cer-

tainly be alone, no scandal could possibly attach to the interview. More than this he never for an instant imagined. The habits of piety in which Mademoiselle de Lafayette lived, and her frequent retreats for religious purposes, raised in his mind no suspicion. He should see her, and see her alone, undisturbed, unwatched. On that thought he dwelt with rapture; time would, he hoped, do the rest.

Punctually, at noon, the king arrived at the convent of the Daughters of Mary. He was received by the abbess in person, and conducted into the parlor. Here she left him. A moment more, a curtain was withdrawn, and, behind double bars of iron, Louise de Lafayette stood before him. She wore the dark-brown robes and corded girdle of the order, the long, white veil of the novice falling round her lovely face. The king stood transfixed, his eyes riveted upon her.

"Forgive me, sire," said she, in a voice full of sweetness, "forgive me for having dared to dispose of myself without your leave. But, sire, a too fervent attachment had led us both into danger. I had forgotten my duty in the love I felt for you—your majesty forgot you were a husband. That letter, in which you proposed meeting me at Versailles, opened my eyes to the truth. God be thanked, there was yet time for repentance! This morning I have taken the white veil, and in a year I shall pronounce the final vows. My life shall still be passed with you, sire; but it will be a life of prayer." As she spoke she smiled sadly, and awaited his reply.

"Great God!" exclaimed Louis at length, when he could find words. "Is this a vision? Are you an angel already glorified?" He sank upon his knees before her.

"Rise, sire," said she, solemnly; "such a posture befits neither the dignity of your station nor the sacredness of mine. I am no angel, but still your tender friend; a friend who watches over you, who only lives to remind you of your duties. You will share my heart with the holy virgins among whom I live, the saints in heaven, and my God. Let not even the tomb divide us—live, sire, such a life that we may be reunited among the spirits of the just."

"O Louise!" exclaimed Louis, in a voice choked with emotion—"Louise, who alone fills my despairing, my solitary heart! at your feet I abjure all profane, all unholy thoughts. Speak—command me! my spirit follows you. But, alas!" and he rose to his feet and wrung his hands in bitterest anguish, "what is to become of me in the midst of my detestable court? Suffer me to follow your example; let me, too, within the walls of a cloister, seek that resignation and courage which make you so sublime!"

"Good Heavens, sire!" exclaimed Louise de Lafayette, "what do I hear? You, a sovereign, a husband, bury yourself in a cloister! Our situations are utterly unlike. I, a solitary girl, have but withdrawn from a world to which you were my only tie. Your glory, the glory of France, your own welfare, and the welfare of the queen, are to you sacred duties. And now, sire, listen to me," and she approached close to the bars which divided them, and a look of the old, melting tenderness passed for a moment over her beautiful face; "sire, if ever I have been dear to you, listen. The sin for which I feel most poignant sorrow—the sin which years, nay, a life of expiation cannot wipe out—is—that I have, by my selfish, my miserable attachment, alienated you from the queen." Louis was about to interrupt her, but she signed to him to be silent. "I know, sire, what you would say," she broke in, hastily—"that our attachment has in no way altered your relations toward her majesty. True, it is so; but my influence over you ought to have been devoted to reunite you. It ought to have been my privilege to render both your majesties happy as man and wife, to give heirs to France, to strengthen the government. Alas, alas! I have sinned almost beyond forgiveness!" and for a while she broke into passionate sobs, which all her self-command could not restrain. "Her majesty, sire, is a most noble lady—beautiful, generous, loyal, courageous. For twenty years, she, the greatest queen in Europe, has been neglected, almost scorned by you her husband. Under these trials her lofty spirit has not flinched—she has been true to you and to herself. Temptation, provocation, nay, insults have not shaken her virtue. Believe nothing against her, sire—her soul is as lovely as her body. Sire, the queen is childless, devote your whole life to her and to France; tend her, protect her, love her. Then, and then only, shall I be reconciled to God." As she spoke her sweet, gray eyes turned toward heaven, her countenance was transfigured as in ecstasy; no saint standing within a sculptured shrine could be more pure, more holy.

The king gazed at her, awe-struck. "Dispose of me as you will," murmured he; "command my life—but, remember that, now I have lost you, happiness is gone from me forever!"

"Adieu, sire," said Mademoiselle de Lafayette. "The hour-glass warns me that our interview is over. Return in six months and tell me that I have been obeyed."

She drew the dark curtain across the bars, and the abbess entered. Louis returned hastily to Saint-Germain.

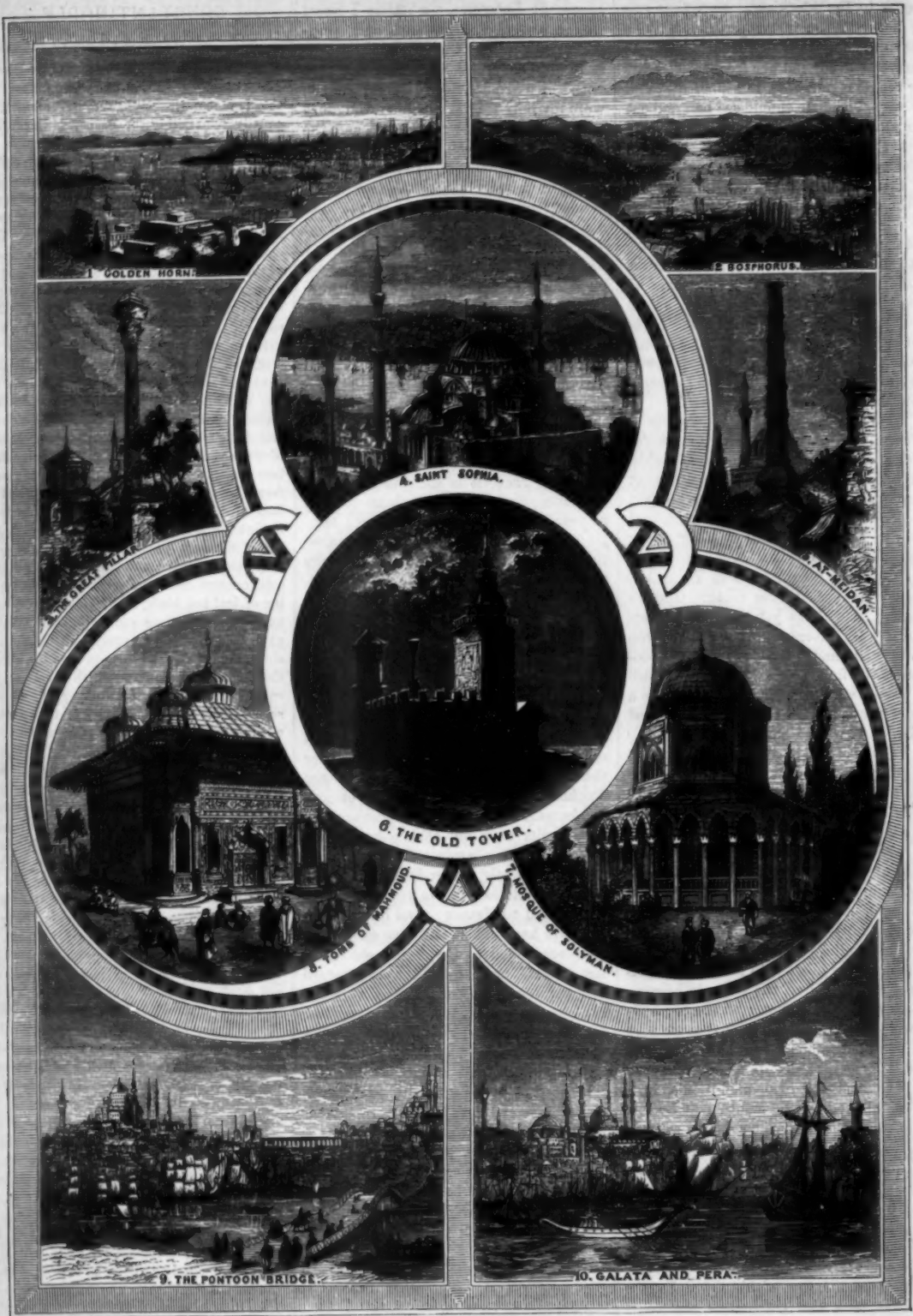
[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, the city of the Grand-Seignior, stands on the western shore of the Thracian Bosphorus, and its situation is equally remarkable for beauty and security. A gently-declining promontory, secured by narrow seas, at the east of Europe, stretches out to meet the continent of Asia, from which its extreme point is separated by so narrow a strait that in a quarter of an hour a boat can row from one continent to the other. This channel, which is called the Bosphorus, is one of the most charming waters on earth, and no voyager or artist has yet done full justice to its surpassingly beautiful scenery. The rounded outlines of the hills, the light, rich green of the vegetation, the luxuriance of tree, and flower, and herbage, resemble the banks of Killarney or the entrance into the bay of Christiania. For thirteen miles the waters, escaping from the Black Sea, now compressed by swelling hillocks to a breadth of little more than a mile, then expanding into sheets of four times that space across from shore to shore, gush along in a flood of dark blue, like the Rhone, as it issues from the lake of Geneva, till they mingle with the Sea of Marmora, passing in their course by a succession of wood and dale, ravine and hill-side, covered with the most profuse carpeting of leaf and blade, while kiosks and pleasure-grounds, bastions and loop-holed curtains, gay gardens, villas, mosques, and noble mansions, stud the banks in unbroken lines from the very foot of the forts, which command the entrance, up to the crowning glory of the scene, where the imperial city of Constantine rises in many-colored terraces from the verge of the Golden Horn.

The hills strike abruptly upward to a height varying from two hundred to six hundred feet, and are bounded at the foot by a line of quays which run along the European side from Pera to Buyukdere, about five miles from the Black Sea, almost uninterruptedly.

These quays are very numerous on the Asiatic side also. The villages by the water-side are so close together that Pera may be said to extend from Tophané to the forts beyond Buyukdere. All along the water's edge there is a succession of villas and palaces, and small, graceful kiosks, which remind the traveler of an Italian lake such as Como or Orta. There are, besides, on the Bosphorus, several palaces belonging to the sultan, situated, wherever a beautiful view is to be commanded, on such eminences as one sees on the banks of the Rhine or the Moselle. In the absence of all artistic impressions, the Turks are great admirers of Nature. Fields and forests, blue water and skies, sunny air and bright flower-gardens, are the great sources of their happiness. The state of listless dreaming into which the contemplation of these objects throws them they call *tef*. Their little kiosks, dedicated to the idlest inactivity of mind and body, are perched about the hills of the Bosphorus, and there they dream away their leisure time, drinking in the bright and lovely prospect around them, with only



SCENES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



the bubbling of the nargile to assist rather than intrude upon their contemplation.

The kiosks and residences of the pashas, the retreats of opulence, line these favored shores, and these dwellings succeed each other quite as numerous as the villas of wealthy Americans in the environs of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and at places such as Therapia and Buyukdere, they are dense enough to form large villages, provided with hotels, shops, *cafés*, and lodging-houses. The waters abound in fish, and droves of porpoises and dolphins disport in hundreds on the surface of the Bosphorus, splashing and playing about in the plenitude of their strength and security, till a sword-fish takes a dig at them, and sets them off curveting and snorting like sea-horses.

The shores of the Bosphorus are enlivened by many wicked-looking felucca-rigged craft, dashing by in all directions, and manned by wild, swarthy-looking men, reminding one of Geckek pirates.

The prettiest spot to land at is a little village on the Asiatic side of the stream, between Therapia and Buyukdere, at the bend of the Bosphorus. From the summit of the hill above this village there is a fine view of the opposite or European shores of the Bosphorus and even of the Black Sea.

The return to Constantinople down the Bosphorus is equally delightful, going with the stream and keeping close to the Asiatic side—glowing with all the purple glories of an Eastern sunset—the prospect is most enchanting the whole distance, until you turn round the angle of the Golden Horn, and reach the landing-place of Tophand.

Constantinople is built on seven hills, which appear to rise above one another in beautiful succession. The rise of the first hill is occupied by the Seraglio, behind which, a little on the reverse of the hill, the dome of St. Sophia can be seen. The second hill is crowned by the Mosque of Omar, whose dome is strikingly bold and lofty. The still grander Mosque of Solymán the Magnificent towers on the third hill, while an ancient aqueduct, whose bold arches have the happiest effect, unites the summits of the fourth and fifth hills. All these, intermingled with houses painted of different colors, the gilded domes, and the slender and elegant minarets crowned by the shining crescent, impress the beholder with a high idea of the magnificence and splendor of Constantinople. Its situation upon these hills is not only the cause of its beauty, but of its salubrity, as it catches all the pleasant breezes from the Bosphorus, the sea of Marmora, and the adjoining plains of Thrace. It occupies the whole of a triangle, whose outline is fringed by old walls flanked by towers. Those on the side of the Sea of Marmora, and in some parts of the Golden Horn, have entirely disappeared. But on the land-side there is a treble line of formidable ancient walls, which might easily be repaired.

The interior of the city, however, but poorly corresponds with the beautiful *coup d'œil* which it presents at a distance. It consists of an assemblage of dark and narrow streets, without names, badly paved, and choked up with dust or mud, and all almost entirely un-

relieved by public squares, of which, however, there are several—At-meidan ("horse-course"), a portion of the old Hippodrome, four hundred and fifty paces in length, one hundred paces broad; Serai-meidan ("palace-square"); Seriaaker-meidan; Taroak Bazaar ("poultry-market"), etc. After landing at Galata quay, the traveller will be speedily disenchanted; for, as he follows the dragoman who guides him, he will have to pass through scenes of squalor and dirt rarely to be met with in any other European capital.

As a general thing, he will be taken to Pera, the district appropriated to Christians. Pera is situated immediately above Galata, which is chiefly inhabited by merchants of all nations, and it stretches for more than two miles along the summit of a lofty hill. Of late years many elegant mansions have been built here, and it now compares favorably with the more refined quarters of Western cities.

On the eastern promontory stand the palace and gardens of the Seraglio, which cover one of the seven hills. The imperial palace is inclosed with lofty walls, and the whole space is covered with suites of apartments, mosques, baths, gardens, and cypress-groves. So many glittering domes, rearing their lofty heads above the verdant foliage and painted terraces, produce at a distance a very beautiful effect, which, however, is entirely lost upon a nearer inspection, for they are huddled together without order or symmetry. The principal entrance is on the west, through the Babahoomajan, or Sublime Porte, which is built of marble, and has a very heavy appearance. Within is the first court, which contains the mint and the vizier's divan. Opposite is the Baba Salem, or Gate of Health, which leads to the second court, where is the audience-chamber, in which foreign ambassadors are received by the sultan in person. In this chamber is the throne, which resembles a large four-post bed. The gate which terminates the second court is called Baba Saadi, or the Gate of Happiness, through which no stranger is allowed to pass. The furniture of the palace consists chiefly of the sofas spread round the rooms, the carpets, and the mirrors. The walls are wainscoted with jasper, veneered ivory, and mother-of-pearl, and the hangings are of silk and cloth-of-gold.

But the great feature of Constantinople are its mosques, or prayer-houses, the most magnificent of which is the Church of Santa Sophia, situated near the principal gate of the Seraglio. It was built by Constantine. Among the numerous pillars which adorn this mosque are six of green jasper, which once supported the roof of the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; and eight of porphyry, that had been placed by Aurelian in the Temple of the Sun, at Rome, but were removed hither by Constantine. The immense size of the building, the stupendous concave of the dome, the magnificence of the columns and varieties of marble, the singular manner in which it is illuminated with globes of crystal and lamps of colored glass, and ornamented with ostrich-eggs, etc., produce a most striking effect.

The most notable mosques, after St. Sophia, are that of Mahomet II., which crowns

one of the seven hills, and stands upon the site of the celebrated Church of the Apostles; that of Bajaset; and of Solymán II., which is esteemed of superior symmetry and elegance.

The tomb of Sultan Mahmoud is another beautiful building, entirely composed of white marble, and only recently erected. The room is like a large saloon, well fitted up and carpeted. In the middle is the coffin, or catafalque, surrounded by railings of mother-of-pearl, and covered with red velvet richly embroidered in gold.

## BY THE SUMMER SEA.

I THOUGHT I had surely conquered and  
lived down this sharp, old pain,  
Till the mighty voice of the ocean wakes it to-  
night again—  
Wakes it to thro' and torture, to burn with its  
fire anew,  
As I sit on the sands, O Philip, and long and  
yearn for you!

There are fancies strangely bitter in the surge  
of this restless sea,  
And hopes, and dreams, and memories, all ris-  
ing mournfully:  
The waves that are softly breaking, with starry  
lustre kissed,  
Summon a host of phantoms out of the ocean-  
mist.

In the years that have fled forever since you  
and I first met,  
The long years of hopeless passion, the long  
years of vain regret,  
I have fondly dreamed, O Philip, that I had  
mastered quite  
The heart that rises up once more in bitter-  
ness to-night:

I have thrust away in silence each loving  
thought of you;  
I have laid to rest each memory, so tender and  
so true;  
I have prayed upon my bended knees for  
power to forget,  
And the answer to that prayer is this—I love  
you, love you, yet!

You put me from you sternly, in those bitter  
words which said,  
That love for me was hopeless, since trust in  
me was dead:  
I am nowise better, Philip, than I was so long  
ago—  
But I love you more, my darling, than you can  
ever know!

Is love so very plenty in this weary world of  
pain,  
That you cannot let all else go by and trust me  
once again?  
I would never wrong you, Philip, nor ever  
pain you more—  
You see I cast all pride away, here, on this  
ocean-shore.

My heart seems breaking, Philip, as I linger  
all alone,  
And there comes no sound of comfort, save  
the ocean's restless moan;  
I stretch my arms to Heaven, and pray for  
your return,  
But the hope that dies, and the love that lives,  
can only pant and yearn.

The cruel sea's between us, with its ceaseless  
ebb and flow,  
And I sigh, and wonder, and question, will it  
be ever so?

Will the distance loom, my darling, ever as  
great as now,  
When Time has left his silver threads athwart  
my pallid brow?

Will there come no end, O Philip, to the weariness  
and strife?

Will there dawn no day of gladness upon my  
saddened life?

Will the sun go down in darkness, and peace  
be only given,  
When the aching heart is laid to rest, and the  
sinful soul is shriven?

You cannot blame me, Philip, that I remember  
still—

For they err who tell us all things are possible  
to will!

I would gladly crush forever the heart which  
madly clings,

Dog-like, unto the cruel hand, that only strikes  
and stings!

But love, which is sorely bitter, is very mighty,  
too,

And faith is like a needle—to its magnet ever  
true;

I would fain be fickle, Philip, and false as false  
can be,

As I sit alone and desolate, beside the summer  
sea.

But the Past is here beside me, in the purple,  
starry night,

And her great eyes shine upon me with tender,  
mournful light—

Sweet eyes, so full of gentleness, so lovely in  
their pain,

That I clasp her back, O Philip, to my faithful  
heart again!

CHRISTIAN REID.

## FIGS AND THORNS.

FROM his position, a parent is an absolute  
despot and pope in the bargain, for a  
season prescribing the form of faith, and their  
very thoughts, to his little flock. And, if un-  
easy over his responsibilities, and dreading the  
dangers of despotism for the despot, he attempts  
criticism on himself and his system, it is only  
according to Nature, is it not, that self-love  
should instantly clap a bandage over his eyes?  
—since we are all Davids to our own infirmities,  
and even when a Nathan comes with "Thou art  
the man," not always to be convinced, so enormous  
is the prejudice in favor of one's own act. I say  
that in the abstract we own readily, that no one  
is absolutely clever, graceful, amiable, lovable,  
and that we are all miserable sinners. But when  
Mrs. Nogge criticises your manner, when old  
Figge laughs at your business tactics, when Miss  
Hopkins pronounces you awkward, when Mr. Smith  
prefers your sister, there is an instant inner recoil  
from injustice. The sanctity of the ego has been  
attacked. Or catch an "I" in the act of sinning.  
How stoutly it denies what "we" admit with candor!

How, then, is one to be sure in the case of  
a (so-called) incorrigible child? Whether it is  
that Providence really sends down assorted  
souls in bundles, labelled "good, bad,

mischievous, quarrelsome," etc., and the incorrigible  
is to be credited to Providence, and its bumps;  
or whether it is not the parent who is the incorrigible?

For example, I have a daughter, Miggs, aged  
twelve, who is oxygen to the carbon of every  
childish naughtiness. She lives in a series of  
Mexican revolutions against authority. Whatever  
is the worst thing to do on that special occasion,  
that she does with a fatal certainty, as if in  
obedience to some inner law. She is sulky,  
disobedient, pert, affected, teasing, malicious,  
and generally intractable. And, say her accusers,  
the excuse of neglected education, or pernicious  
teachings, can have no application to her case.  
The Miggs family inherit learning, piety, high  
principle, as heir-looms. The family usages,  
precedents, and traditions, are as well estab-  
lished and respected as those of the Church of  
England. There is an *ex-cathedra* stamp on  
their doings; and, for their educational system,  
it has been as long in use as the family silver.  
Natural depravity, original sin, is the only  
explanation of Miggs, and that grapes and figs  
can produce thorns and thistles, at least in  
moral agriculture and the Miggs family.

But how can I be sure of that? Remembering  
we are not Hottentots (happy Hottentots, who  
can take things as they find them, without a  
suspicion of anything behind!), but scions of  
nineteenth-century civilization, and so bound to  
admit that there are no accidents, only consequences,  
and that Miggs is a mosaic—a result of causes  
beginning with the earliest history of our race.  
What happened in the dim and solemn East,  
the Reformation, Claverhouse and his dragoons,  
the Pilgrim Fathers, the loves and beliefs of a  
century old, all have had their share in her.  
How much more that which to-day makes up  
my life and the lives of those around her! Granted  
now the patience and skill to disentangle the  
threads twisted into her life, might it not bring  
me to the conclusion that Miggs, though absolutely  
bad, is relatively what was to be expected?

Dr. Johnson defines a boy as a male child;  
that is, the male young of man; "that is,"  
Lord Lytton comments, "if man is a stomach,  
boy is a male young stomach; if man is a brain,  
boy is a male young brain; man a bundle of  
habits, boy a male young bundle of habits; man  
a machine, boy a male young machine; man a  
tailless monkey, boy a male young tailless monkey;  
man a combination of gases, boy a male young  
combination of gases; man an appearance, boy  
a male young appearance." That is, he is—you  
—reproduced. The man or woman, and his or  
her whole future life, are shut up in that little  
pink shell you find in your hands. He is very  
short, and he has no nose in particular, and  
his ideas about distance, and natural laws, and  
his own importance, are ridiculous; but the man  
and his sensibilities and perceptions are there.  
You have small griefs, as when you lose money,  
or are disappointed or scandalized. He has small  
griefs when he breaks his drum, or tangles his  
kite. You have now and then a grief that, though  
scarred over by years, will still twinge and burn.  
He has now and then a grief, an injustice, or a  
bitter dis-

appointment, that the grown man or old woman  
will recount to you, so many years after, with  
a quivering lip, spite of the smile.

You have pride. When Maud tossed you  
the mitten, you took it laughing, and never  
showed then or afterward the pain you felt.  
He has pride. He falls and hurts himself,  
and throws himself down again heavily, and  
laughs loudly, to show you that, on the whole,  
he rather prefers tumbling down.

You ask him, "Do you like music?"  
"No, sir." "Oh!" Much disapprobation in  
the "oh." "But I like meat." As eager to  
justify himself, you see, as you were, when  
you said the Alps, and should have said the  
Pyrenees.

Your inner self is *terra incognita* to the rest  
of the world. Jungles, and arid deserts, and  
gardens of roses that no one suspects, hidden  
growths of upas, and mines that yield diamonds  
that every one takes for glass, are within you.  
Should an accurate description of your inner  
world of feeling be written, your wife, children,  
and friends, would henceforth know themselves  
the strangers that you already know they are.  
Where is the observing parent who is not now  
and then startled by the discovery that his child  
is similarly solitary, lonely, and individual?

She is utterly indifferent to consolation  
when her doll is broken. Are you more than  
that, when you lose your best-beloved? Her  
sorrow is for hours, but it is as sharp as  
yours while it lasts; and if best-beloveds could  
be as numerous and as much alike as wax-dolls,  
would your sorrow endure much longer? Indeed,  
her anguish was possibly more searching: for  
sixty minutes it was without a ray of hope; while  
you have hope at least in heaven, and very likely  
a lurking conviction, where the sorrow is not too  
deep, that other human beings have mourned in  
just the same way, and yet have been comforted.

You sacrifice sleep and pleasure for success  
at the bar; she for success at school. Is not her  
ambition equal if not greater, since she has none  
of your experience of the slight nature of pleasure?

What stings you like an injustice? Well,  
Jane gets the duty-kisses, and Greta the love-  
kisses. Harry works like a giant to equal Jim,  
who has no need to work at all, and Jim gets  
all the prize; and a thousand other events are  
forgotten; but, in some unguarded moment,  
a recognition of the injustice will escape from  
the man or woman, who, as a child, made no  
comment on it.

What are these, then, if not copies of ourselves—  
the infant-class in that great world-school,  
of which we are the seniors?

Very well! We seniors are each other's  
yard-sticks, each other's dictionaries, each  
other's court of appeal, and all of us manufacturers  
of a social influence, vast and undreamed of.  
There is poison, health, consolation, depression,  
satisfaction, dearth, in each of us for the other.  
Be as silent as the grave, and moral chemistry  
is working in spite of you, and you have helped  
or hindered your neighbor, and he has helped  
or hindered you. The small copies of ourselves,  
with the same feelings and passions, no experience,  
so much more faith! similarly exposed, and so much

more highly sensitized: what happens to them?

Experience teaches us by object-lessons. Schoolmen's text and spoken words, against what we see and hear, are feathers against lead. From the first reading of the newspaper all through the day, we are busy with our object-lessons in the senior class. What is going on in the infant class? as, when the boy or girl is taught once a week, in due form, that there is a God who is the Father of all the families of the earth, and who watches over the sparrows; and, among all the object-lessons of the ensuing days, the commerce, the music, the chat, the jollity, finds no suggestion of such a Father, before whom we are to rejoice and be glad, but religion shut up tight within the closed churches, not to be brought out till Sunday next, unless for funerals; all the business of life being conducted on the "when the cat's away, the mice will play" principle; as if there is no Father in whose presence to live, love, rejoice, dance, learn, and be blessed; rather a higher sort of idol, to be propitiated by certain superstitious rites, with which we cannot yet afford to dispense.

Or, as when you are setting a copy for him: "Virtue alone is honorable;" and, by way of illustration, you remind him of Aristotle and Confucius, the Apostles and our Saviour. In the middle of the harangue, John brings a card. What, "Mr. Mill again!" (He is a good man and a learned, but he gets only six hundred dollars a year, and his coat is shabby.) "The third time he has been here this month. Not at home, John! I cannot be interrupted in my morning hours with the children."

John, hesitating: "And shall I send away Mr. Bullion too? I saw his carriage just driving up." (Mr. Bullion is the large red man, who sneers, and says disagreeable things about everybody, as a man of millions may do.)

"Mr. Bullion? Certainly not; show him into the study.—Fowler, bring me my fan. There, dear; let me find your copy well written when I come back: 'Virtue alone is honorable.'"

Or, as when you are suspending the golden rule in illuminated text in the nursery; and, as you drive in a nail in the left-hand corner, you tell your sister how the cook had the impertinence to ask leave of absence for a few days, as her sister was dying; to which you very properly responded "No!" and you wonder "if any thing will ever teach such people the nature of a contract, and that it is really not your affair if their relatives fall ill and die;" your head on one side meantime, eying complacently, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," emblazoned in gold and vermillion, and hung with lilies of the valley.

Or as, when you expect Mary to kiss Susan, after breaking her new tea-set, although you refused to speak to your sister-in-law, when she ridiculed your French accent; or, as when you reprove her for disobedience, although you smuggled a silk dress from England; or, for being tempted away from a duty, although you forgot the family stockings, in a novel; or, for interruptions, al-

though no one can finish a sentence with you; or, for awkwardness, although you knock over all the little chairs and vases; or, for preferring a game to study, although you prefer a *matinée* to reading; or, for sulkeness, although you damp a whole table with your looks; and so on, *ad infinitum*. When the text and the object-lessons are so much at variance, is it with them, as with us—feathers against lead?

There is something else to be remembered. You have a dual nature. If your neighbor comes at you with a warwhoop, your inner savage springs out to meet him, tomahawk in hand; while a conciliatory approach makes you for very shame bring out your civilities. The copy of yourself has a dual nature likewise. With him, as with you, it must be a question whether he will own the savage, or the savage will one day own him. And habitually you speak to him sharply; you contradict him bluntly; you tell him he is the most stupid, the most provoking, the most tiresome; you stop his most interesting communication with a "Be quiet;" you give him no reasons; you make him no excuses; you are tender toward him at times, but your tone, look, manner, are such as you could not possibly use in common politeness toward others. That is, you are keeping his savage in constant exercise; you are as good for him as Olympian games; twenty times a day that belligerent must be looking at you from his eyes, although he is never heard in an impertinent word. You are making constant provision for his growth, and it will not be your fault if ultimately he does not monopolize the child.

Such a view would impose no small restraint on many parents, for there are people who take the same sort of mysterious comfort in a careless, half-uncivil, slighting, sub-acid demeanor at home, that others do in going about in wrappers and old slippers.

Or, again, he is a *mauvais sujet*. He paints the Doré illustrations, and dissects Amy's doll, and shoes the kitten, and takes an order in the abyss at school, and torments everybody, spite of penance and preaching. And he is the copy of you and your ancestors! The history of grown-up incorrigibles in prisons and penal settlements insists that, to make him trustworthy, he must be trusted. The rebellion in your own heart against restraint furnishes you with a gauge for the rebellion in his. The history of so-called conquered races protests that they have never yet been truly conquered except by alliance, neighborly offices, and faith in your good-will. He must be converted to believe in you and your object, and to work with you. You are to experiment with the finesse and patience of a diplomat in the fibre of his nature; to seize the favorable opportunity to invest him with responsibility. You are to investigate, and analyze, and disentangle the clew to his interest and his belief. You must check and discipline yourself, and be not so much the Law as the Evangel in which he may read daily a solemn and delicate business, not to be wedged in between chatting and stitching, or left out altogether if time presses; to be held more important than your marketing or your wardrobe, or the last matter of science

or politics. Much easier it looks to leave such matters to Providence and the child's bumps.

It is to be remembered, too, that from your birth the law of your life was unfolded and prophesied within you, as the law of the rose, or the oak in its seed. From your birth the sparkle of the sea, and the dash of the salt brine, was pleasant to you, and you wearied of the red bricks of your father's formal house, the close-cut lawn before it, the stiff pictures of your grandfather the judge, your uncle the attorney-general, your other uncle the minister.

Or you detested your father's ledgers as cats do swimming, and dreamed over Keats and Coleridge ever since you started a desk and great thoughts in the attic.

Or you were always speculating in tops and pigeons, and believed Latin a pack of nonsense under the very shadow of the university.

Or you have an inner consciousness of great pie and pudding powers, and detest practice and the artistic tendencies of the whole family.

Or the son of a clergyman, nursed on "Edwards on the Will," and weaned on the "Life and Times of Calvin," you take to Huxley and Spencer as a duck does to water.

And in all or any of these developments there was in you the spirit of the Dutch Republic against Philip and Alva, of the Church of Scotland against Laud and Claverhouse, of Kepler against the *savants*, of the Atlantic cable against failure, of any expression of individual growth and human thinking against tyrannical restraint; and, if you were unduly thwarted, there came of it such trouble and confusion as when the bees insisted that the cows should turn honey-massers, and the birds that horses should build nests.

Just as you were, just so is your son and daughter!

That is, you are to be air, and dew, and sunshine, but not a creator. You can trim, and train, and prop, and clip, and loosen and fertilize the soil, but it is not for you to determine what shall be the fruit or flowers. Perhaps you detest cabbages, and wish him to grow roses; yet you must help him develop cabbages. You despise honeysuckles, and he is to fill your house with the honeysuckle odor, and you are to supply the props for him to climb on. You are only God's husbandman; although you lived in the days when every thing that was right and proper was discovered and discussed, you are to be patient with his new-fangled ideas, and to believe the germs of good may exist in them. Although you knew the whole history of Nazareth before he was born, you are to be told by him that a prophet has come from there. Although the divine fury of meddling, that has sat in such high places ever since there was a human race, burns within your breast, you are only to be sunshine, dew, and air, or a pair of hands guided by infinite discretion. Granted the preceding assertions, and that your child is truly the copy of yourself and subject to such influences as we have said, what must be the father or mother worthy of the name? how wise, gentle, humble, unselfish, prayerful, firm, quick-witted, just,



generous, observing! And, if this is what parents should be, compare them with what the majority of parents are! My poor little Miggs! magnanimity, virtue, adherence to duty, are traits in the Miggs family; but so is a devouring egotism, that makes a Miggs always anxious to play Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, in every drama. So is a sharp and ceaseless criticism, that finds nothing too high or too lovely for it. So is a marked affectation of voice and manner. So is an unobservant and absorbing selfishness in all minor details. She is egoistic, similarly, and continually obtrudes herself at unfortunate times. She has a similar selfishness, and appeals made to other motives fail to touch her. The atmosphere of criticism in which she grows has nipped all reverence. Imitative, like other children, she reproduces the affectation of her elders; and, intolerant as men and women are of their photographs, they hate their moral likenesses still worse. No one wants his pet weaknesses dragged out of the rose-light of his egotism into unsympathizing day. I should never venture to hint it to any member of our family; but it is borne in on me, as the Quakers say, that in her case, and many another like hers, it would be found that we were bees, lecturing our children on stealing honey from the poor clover-blossoms; crabs, reproving them for awkwardness with polite disgust; humming-birds, doing the Quaker about their quarrelsome habits and love of display; and that it is we, we, we, who are chiefly, though unconsciously, responsible for their shortcomings. What do you think about it?

LOUISE E. FURNISS.

## TWO ENGLISH POETS.

IN that group of remarkable young poets who have recently arisen in England, there is one writer of real genius, whose name and works have as yet attracted little if any notice in America.

While the copies of Swinburne's "Laus Veneris," and its kindred performances, with their magnificent rhythms, but generally heartless and soulless philosophy, have sold by the thousands; while the reputation of William Morris is very high among us, who has heard of Ernest Myers, author of "Paul," and "The Puritans?"

And yet Mr. Myers is, in his way, as worthy of recognition as the ablest of his rivals and contemporaries.

"Paul" is a poem, partly narrative, partly psychological, in which, with the audacity of a man of bold imagination, he has thrown himself into the life and soul of the great apostle, and caused that most interesting of the Evangelists to live again—to act, think, speak once more, vividly and naturally, as if the centuries had been abolished, and we actually knew and beheld him face to face.

The delicacy of Mr. Myers's psychological insight in this work must strike every reader, of due observation and appreciative taste, as singularly and keenly developed; while in "The Puritans" the same quality of mind, though still conspicuous, has superadded to it a degree of narrative, perspicacity, and

force, which sometimes rises into the truly dramatic.

When we say "dramatic," we mean the lyrical dramatic, or, in other words, a union of lyrical *verve* and fervor, with dramatic terseness.

Of his blank verse, it has been said that it seems to "strain against its bonds, and to be eager to burst from them, and to rush into rhyme."

Thus, the entire poem of "The Puritans" is starred with little gems of song—not, of course, voluptuous ditties, with choruses of siren sweetness, steeped in the languor of unhallowed passion, and redolent with the perfumes of a lotus-like sensuousness—but splendid outbursts of music, like the following:

"Altars, whose fires are cold,  
Temples, whose gods grow old,  
Yield place to falter, built upon their fall;  
When Truth, his youngest daughter,  
Shall tell what Time hath taught her—  
Fair Truth and Love her mate, young Love the lord of all!

"One love the world shall fill,  
And wide, and wider still,  
From side to side, from end to end dilate;  
Each as he lives, made one,  
With father and with son,  
In conscious, larger life for aye incorporate!

"What art thou, then, O man!  
Born for so brief a span?  
Count not so dear thy pleasures, or thy pain;  
The embers aye are red,  
The old fire is not dead,  
Thou, in an ampler age, shalt work and win again.

"Fear not, thy single soul  
Shall sink to serve the whole;  
Who more hath loved, he also lives the more;  
Each strain of generous strife,  
Lifts thee to fuller life—  
Love lends the wings, and wings to gain the longed-for shore.

"Art thou expecting long  
The Christ to crush the wrong?  
Lo! he that talketh with thee, this is He;  
Awake! arise, and do,  
We have our triumphs too—  
Nor we, nor they alone, but all in unity!"

Hardly better known in this country than the above, although ten or twelve years have elapsed since his death, and several editions of his works have been published in his native land, is the Lincolnshire poet, Arthur Hugh Clough.

Clough must be regarded as a philosophic poet, *par excellence*. In fact, he is a modern Lucretius, in whose mind the somewhat antagonistic impulses of the philosophical and the ideal must have had the hardest of battles, with the victory declared on the side of philosophy. But what sort of philosophy? Why, the intense, skeptical philosophy of the nineteenth century, which forever urged him to attempt the solving of insoluble problems, the reconciliation of secular anomalies.

Thus, he naturally became—as his best friends acknowledge—"a man at once inert and restless, finding no fixed basis for life, but exhausting his energies in work that brought little money and no fame;" a man unsuited to our lower earth, and yet uncertain of any higher existence elsewhere; a dreamer of dark dreams, who, with perverse ingenuity, managed to make the worse of both worlds.

Could a more miserable creature be imagined? Standing always upon rough, black mountains of disbelief, yet looking with intense, pathetic earnestness to catch, if it might be, the feeblest glimmer of the *lumen siccum*, the dry light of truth!

Great was his horror of deceptions or illusions. In his perpetual watchfulness against prejudices and prepossessions of all kinds, he acquired, as Matthew Arnold has remarked, a morbid habit of intellectual and spiritual introspection, which, in its turn, led to a curious balancing of assertions, comparing points of view, sifting gold from dross (or what he deemed dross), and the following up of arguments to their literal results, with a cruel narrowness of logic, which often appalls us.

When not following, like a philosophical bloodhound, some of these logical quests, Clough was given

"To finger idly some old Gordian knot,  
Unwitted to loosen and too weak to cleave!"

Let it not be supposed that Clough was deficient in the higher imagination, the æsthetic, creative faculty, so distinctively the mark of a genuine poet. No; his imagination, if not luxuriant, possessed considerable vitality; only, it is being continually overborne, in a manner and to a degree the most exasperating, by the stress of his rationalistic philosophy: the skeptical logician is ever more powerful than the visionary thinker.

Not unfrequently we find in him the ironic bitterness of Heine, very slightly tintured with the German's demoniac playfulness; his tiger-like or devil-like touching of solemn subjects with intellectual *de velours*, before he proceeds to annihilate reverence, and effectually "dispose" of faith by some furious and final blow.

Here is an example of Clough's ironic mood in "The Latest Dialogue":

"Thou shalt have one God only, who  
Would be at the expense of two?  
No graven images may be  
Worshipped—except the currency;  
Swear not at all, for, for thy curse  
Thine enemy is none the worse;  
At church on Sunday to attend,  
Will serve to keep the world thy friend;  
Honor thy parents: that is all  
From whom advancement may befall;  
Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive  
Officially to keep alive;  
Do not adultery commit,  
Advantages rarely come of it;  
Thou shalt not steal, an empty feast  
When 'tis so lucrative to cheat;  
Bear not false witness, let the lie  
Have time on its own wings to fly;  
Thou shalt not covet, but tradition  
Approves all forms of competition!"

The reader must not hastily credit Clough with any thing akin to the bold infidelity of a Voltaire, nor yet with the sardonic *egoism* of a Rochefaucault. He does not triumph in disbelief. He does not exult with half-blattant and half-subdued self-complacency, in the midst of his doubts and skepticism.

On the contrary, a cold wretchedness seems to have encompassed his life like a stagnant, tainted atmosphere; and when he sings, according to his view, of the unrisen Christ, how different his tone from the reckless bravado, the revolting materialism of Swinburne:

What a wail—as from the depths of purgatorial despair—pervades the ensuing verses, particularly the lines italicized:

"Eat, drink, and play, and think that this is bliss,  
There is no heaven but this;  
There is no hell  
Save earth, which serves the purpose doubly well—  
Seeing it visits still,  
With equallest apportionment of ill,  
Both good and bad alike, and brings to one same  
dust,  
The unjust and the just,  
With Christ, who is not risen!"

"Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved;  
Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope,  
We are most hopeless who had once most hope,  
And most delirious, that had most believed;  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
As of the unjust, and the just;  
It is the one sad Gospel that is true—  
CHRIST is not risen!"

PAUL H. HAYNE.

## MISCELLANY.

### VOLTAIRE AND ROUSSEAU.

EVERYBODY in the full tide of the eighteenth century had something to do with Voltaire, from serious personages, like Frederick the Great and Turgot, down to the sorriest poetaster who sent his verses to be corrected or bepraised. Rousseau's debt to him in the days of his unformed youth we have already seen, as well as the courtesies with which they approached one another, when Richelieu employed the struggling musician to make some modifications in the great man's unconsidered court-piece. Neither of them then dreamed that their two names were destined to form the great literary antithesis of the century. In the ten years that elapsed between their first interchange of letters and their first fit of coldness, it must have been tolerably clear to either of them, if either of them gave thought to the matter, that their dissidence was increasing and likely to increase. Their methods were different, their training different, their points of view different, and, above all these things, their temperaments were different by a whole heaven's breadth.

A great number of excellent and pointed half-truths have been uttered by various persons in illustration of all these contrasts, as that the philosophy of Voltaire is that of the happy, while Rousseau is the philosopher of the unhappy; that Voltaire steals away their faith from those who doubt, while Rousseau strikes doubt into the mind of the unbeliever; that the gaiety of the one saddens, while the sadness of the other consoles. If we pass from the marked divergence in the tendencies of the work of these two extraordinary writers, which is imperfectly hinted at in such sayings as these, to the divergence between them in all the fundamental conditions of intellectual and moral life, the variation which divided the revolutionary stream into two channels, flowing broadly apart, through unlike regions and climates, down to the great sea, is intelligible enough. Voltaire was the arch-representative of all those elements in contemporary thought, its curiosity, irreverence, intrepidity, vivaciousness, rationality, to which, as we have so often had to say, Rousseau's temperament and his Genevese spirit made him profoundly antipathetic. He was the great high-priest, robed in the dazzling vestments of poetry, and philosophy, and history, of that very religion of knowledge and art which Rousseau declared to be the destroyer of the felicity of men. The glitter has faded away from Voltaire's philosophical raiment since those days, and his

laurel-bough lies a little leafless. This cannot make us forget that he was in his day and generation one of the sovereign emancipators, because he awoke one dormant set of energies, just as Rousseau presently came to awake another set. Each was a power, not merely by virtue of some singular preeminence of understanding or mysterious unshared insight of his own, but for the reason that no partial and one-sided direction can permanently satisfy the manifold aspirations and faculties of the human mind in the great average of common men, to whom exceptional thinkers speak, whom they influence, and by whom, as a painter or dramatist is, they are in turn influenced, depressed, or buoyed up. Voltaire's mental constitution made him eagerly objective, a seeker of true things, quivering for action, admirably sympathetic with all life and movement, a spirit restlessly traversing the whole world. Rousseau, far different from this, saw in himself a reflected microcosm of the outer world, and was content to take that instead of the outer world, and for its truest version. He made his own moods the premises from which he deduced a system of life for humanity, and, so far as humanity has shared his moods or some parts of them, his system was true and has been accepted. To him the bustle of the outer world was only a hindrance to that process of self-absorption, which was his way of interpreting life. Accessible only to interests of emotion and sense, he was saved from intellectual sterility, and made eloquent, by the vehemence of his emotion and the fire of his senses. He was a master-example of sensibility, as Voltaire was a master-example of clear-eyed penetration.

This must not be taken for a rigid piece of mutually exclusive division, for the edges of character are not cut exactly sharp, as words are. Especially when any type is intense, it seems to meet and touch its opposite. Just as Voltaire's piercing activity and soundness of intelligence made him one of the humanest of men, so Rousseau's emotional susceptibility endowed him with the gift of a vision that carried far into the social depths. It was a very early criticism on the pair, that Voltaire wrote on more subjects, but that Rousseau was the more profound. In truth one was hardly much more profound than the other. Rousseau had the sonorousness of speech which popular confusion of thought is apt to identify with depth. And he had seriousness. If profundity means the quality of seeing to the heart of subjects, Rousseau had, in a general way, rather less of it than the shrewd-witted crusher of the Infamous. What the distinction really amounts to is that Rousseau had a strong feeling for certain very important aspects of human life, which Voltaire thought very little about, or never thought about at all, and that, while Voltaire was concerned with poetry, history, literature, and the more ridiculous parts of the religious superstition of his time, Rousseau thought about social justice, and duty, and God, and the spiritual consciousness of men, with a certain attempt at thoroughness and system. As for the substance of his thinking, as we have already seen in the "Discourses," and shall soon have an opportunity of seeing still more clearly, it was often as thin and hollow as if he had belonged to the company of the epigrammatical, who, after all, have far less of a monopoly of shallow thinking than is often supposed. The prime merit of Rousseau, in comparing him with the brilliant chief of the rationalistic school of the time, is his reverence; reverence for moral worth in however obscure intellectual company, for the dignity of human character and the loftiness of duty, for some of those cravings of the human mind after the divine and incommensurable, which may indeed often be con-

tent with solutions proved by long time and slow experience to be inadequate, but which are closely bound up with the highest elements of nobleness of soul.—"Rousseau," by John Morley.

### A SOUTH-AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

It was on the afternoon of one of the hottest days of an African summer that I left my farm to ascend the Draakensburg Mountains, for the purpose of finding, if possible, an eland—a species of antelope—to replenish my larder for the coming Christmas. I was at the time living alone in a glen formed by two spurs of the mountain, with but few neighbors, and no town within fifty miles; but, as my Kaffres had become sufficiently civilized to understand that Christmas-time meant unlimited eating, I wished, by providing game, to save an ox. I had only five or six miles to go, and was well mounted; so I did not hurry, but, leading my horse up the steep pass, reached the place where I intended to sleep just as the sun was setting.

The scene around, though quite different from our ideas of what it should be in December, was very beautiful. There was no snow, no leafless trees with their delicate tracery set off by the glistening hoar-frost, nor dark-green firs bending under their white load; but still there was enough to keep me standing, forgetful of fire-wood and all I had to do for my comfort during the night.

I was on a narrow ledge of rock, separated from the network of hills beyond by a deep, perpendicular gorge, at the bottom of which, so far down that I could hardly distinguish it, ran a little burn. The setting sun gave the peaks that rich purple hue seldom seen away from heather; and on the other side, as far as the eye could reach, lay the thorn-covered flats and hills of Natal.

Under the rock was a large cave, where I had determined to sleep. It had in olden times been a regular resort of the Bushmen, but few came near it now—indeed, I had not known they came at all, but, on going in, I found some calabashes, and the ashes of a newly-made fire, which could have been only left by them. There were other marks on the walls, though evidently of great antiquity: rude sketches and drawings of horses, cattle, bows and arrows, and even of a Bushman riding. It is most curious that a race so low down in the scale of humanity that their language only contains a few words made up of unpronounceable clicks, and who, with the exception of the use of fire, in their mode of life differ but little from the ape, should have learned to do this. It may be that it is a remnant of an old sign-language, or the last relic of some former civilization. It was a full moon, and, after admiring the wonderful lights and shadows thrown by it on the broken ground, I turned in and slept till near daylight.

As soon as I could see, I started to hunt. Much to my annoyance at the time, though I had afterward cause to be thankful that my horse was spared such a gallop as riding down an eland entails, I could find nothing, and could tell by the spoor that no herd had been about for some days. It was nearly noon before I became convinced of this; and, tempted by the shade of a line of tree-ferns edging a little brook whose bubble sounded refreshingly amid the great heat, I took my saddle off, knee-haltered Prince, and lay down. Of course, I soon dozed off, but became awake again in about a couple of hours—I say "became awake," because it was not the natural rousing up of a person who has been asleep, but a sudden return to consciousness, without any movement, and with all my wits about me, and that inward feeling, which perhaps some of my readers may have experienced, of something being wrong, and a tension of

all the powers of hearing to discover what it is. I had not long to wait: whiz came a tiny arrow, striking the stone on which my head had been resting, and where my cap still was. It did not require much thinking to know that a Bushman's hand held the bow it had come from, nor to determine that the safest thing to do was to roll quietly into the bed of the little brook below me. Luckily, this would afford good shelter, and I could almost reach the edge with my hand.

The tremendous violence with which these streams come down from the hills during the heavy thunder-storms wears a deep passage even in the hardest ground; and, though there was only about an inch of water, and it was not a yard broad, the banks were to the full four feet high. Leaving my cap where it was, I rolled over as quietly as I could; but, just as I was disappearing, another arrow came and struck me in the thigh, the only part not yet in safety. It took all my self-control to continue my movements as before until I stood crouching at the bottom. "Why," the reader may exclaim, "the pain of such a tiny arrow could not be very great!" No, neither is the bite of a snake in itself; yet of the two the latter is the least to be dreaded. It was, of course, poisoned with that deadly skill for which the whole tribe is famous; and, as I stood below, I knew I had little chance of seeing another sunrise.

However, with that self-help that men who lead a solitary life acquire, I instantly drew my hunting-knife, ripped up the trousers, and with a steady hand cut out the arrow-head, not sparing myself. I then took my flask and poured powder into the wound, and, gently striking a match, set fire to it. That done, I took off my belt, and, using my full force, strapped it a little above, as tight as it would go.

I do not think that in doing all this I had any hope of saving my life; there was only a sort of feeling that I was doing my duty. The pain was not very great, and my chief thought was for vengeance on the malignant creature that I looked upon as my murderer. I rightly imagined he was not aware of his success. No doubt, he thought he had missed me, and that I was still lying asleep—in proof of which I soon heard the whiz of another arrow striking above. Moving down about a yard to where the overhanging ferns would conceal me, I quietly raised my head; the ground was slightly rising, and I could see around for some distance. There was my horse unconsciously grazing away, but the grass was too long for me to see my enemy's whereabouts. I, however, guessed that he would try and get between us; and so I waited, watching, and grasping my rifle.

Ten minutes passed in silence, and then I fancied that the grass was moving unnaturally. In another second a hand and bow appeared; I heard a little twang, and saw the tiny messenger of death again pierce the spot where I had been. I kept myself from firing, though I covered the place. Surely, he would become impatient, and give me a better chance. Another ten minutes, and suddenly, in a different spot, which commanded a better view of my cap, a little black head peered over the grass. It was enough; and, as I fired, a shrill shriek and a spasmodic spring into the air told me that I had nothing more to fear.

Getting out as quickly as possible, I dragged myself—for the limb was now much swollen, and becoming more and more painful—to my saddle, where I carried in a little bottle some *ess de luce* for snake-bites, and poured out a large dose. After drinking it, I caught my horse, saddled it, and, picking up two of the arrows, went to have a look at the dead Bushman. He was scarcely over four feet high, with arms so long and thin as to reach deformity, short and bow-kneed legs supporting a little round body—he had evi-

dently not been starving lately—and features so closely resembling those of an intelligent ape that, had there been a tail, no one would have thought twice about the matter. I did not remain long; there was no time to lose; so, taking his bow, I mounted, and, putting the horse at his best pace, started on my long ride. I knew perfectly well that the only chance, such as it was, of saving my life depended on my reaching Ladysmith that night, and obtaining medical assistance. The distance was fully sixty miles, and, with but one exception, there was nothing but Dutch *doers'* houses on the road, whence I could not hope for any help. For the first twenty miles I kept steadily on my way, though the agony was dreadful, and I could hardly sit my horse. I then reached an Englishman's farm, pulled up, told my story, and asked for spirits to keep my strength up, and the loan of a fresh horse. I shall not easily forget his wife's scared look as she came out and saw me by the light of her flickering candle. I suppose I must have seemed half mad. They brought me out a full bottle of whisky and a tumbler, which I filled and drank off neat; but they had not got a horse "up." They were, he said, all running, and it would take hours to find them. So I started again. I do not remember much more of that wild, moonlit ride; I became drowsy and half delirious, just retaining sense enough to go straight. How I did it I do not know, as for the greater part of the way there was no road, and, even in daylight and with nothing the matter, I should have hesitated in more than one place. However, Providence or instinct guided me right; and, as I was afterward told—for I remember nothing about it—I reached the town at one A. M.—just eleven hours after I had left. I had finished the whisky on the road, and it was to that the doctor ascribed my ultimate recovery. For nine days I was in a high fever and delirious, and it was more than six weeks before I got up; and for years afterward the wound did not heal. Even to the present day it occasionally bursts out afresh, and will probably continue to do so to the end of my existence. —*Chambers's Journal.*

#### LETTER TO A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

Whatever you study, some one will consider that particular study a foolish waste of time.

If you were to abandon successively every subject of intellectual labor which had, in its turn, been condemned by some adviser as useless, the result would be simple intellectual nakedness. The classical languages, to begin with, have long been considered useless by the majority of practical people—and pray, what to shopkeepers, doctors, attorneys, artists, can be the use of the higher mathematics? And if these studies, which have been conventionally classed as serious studies, are considered unnecessary notwithstanding the tremendous authority of custom, how much the more are those studies exposed to a like contempt which belong to the category of accomplishments! What is the use of drawing, for it ends in a worthless sketch? Why should we study music when, after wasting a thousand hours, the amateur cannot satisfy the ear? *A quoi bon* modern languages when the accomplishment only enables us to call a waiter in French or German who is sure to answer us in English? And what, when it is not your trade, can be the good of dissecting animals or plants?

To all questionings of this kind there is but one reply. We work for culture. We work to enlarge the intelligence, and to make it a better and more effective instrument. This is our main purpose; but it may be added that even for our special labors it is

always difficult to say beforehand exactly what will turn out in the end to be most useful. What, in appearance, can be more entirely outside the work of a landscape-painter than the study of ancient history? and yet I can show you how an interest in ancient history might indirectly be of great service to a landscape-painter. It would make him profoundly feel the human associations of many localities which to an ignorant man would be devoid of interest or meaning; and this human interest in the scenes where great events have taken place, or which have been distinguished by the habitation of illustrious men in other ages, is, in fact, one of the great fundamental motives of landscape-painting. It has been very much questioned, especially by foreign critics, whether the interest in botany, which is taken by some of the more cultivated English landscape-painters, is not for them a false direction and wrong employment of the mind; but a landscape-painter may feel his interest in vegetation infinitely increased by the accurate knowledge of its laws, and such an increase of interest would make him work more zealously, and with less danger of weariness and *ennui*, besides being a very useful help to the memory in retaining the authentic vegetable forms. It may seem more difficult to show the possible utility of a study apparently so entirely outside of other studies as music is; and yet music has an important influence on the whole of our emotional nature, and indirectly upon expression of all kinds. He who has once learned the self-control of the musician, the use of *piano* and *forte*, each in its right place, when to be lightly swift or majestically slow, and especially how to keep to the key once chosen till the right time has come for changing it; he who has once learned this knows the secret of the arts. No painter, writer, orator, who had the power and judgment of a thoroughly cultivated musician, could sin against the broad principles of taste.

More than all other men have authors reason to appreciate the indirect utilities of knowledge that is apparently irrelevant. Who can tell what knowledge will be of most use to them? Even the very greatest of authors are indebted to miscellaneous reading, often in several different languages, for the suggestion of their most original works, and for the light which has kindled many a shining thought of their own. And authors who seem to have less need than others of any outward help, poets whose compositions might appear to be chiefly inventive and emotional, novelists who are free from the restraints and the researches of the historian, work up what they know into what they write; so that if you could remove every line which is based on studies outside the strict limits of their art, you would blot out half their compositions. Take the antiquarian element out of Scott, and see how many of his works could never have been written. Remove from Goldsmith's brain the recollection of his wayward studies and strange experiences, and you would remove the rich material of the "Traveller," and the essays, and mutilate even the immortal "Vicar of Wakefield." Without a classical education and foreign travel, Byron would not have composed "Childe Harold;" without the most catholic interest in the literature of all the ages, and of many different peoples from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, our contemporary William Morris would never have conceived, and could not have executed, that strong work, "The Earthly Paradise." It may not seem necessary to learn Italian, yet Mr. Roscoe's celebrity as an author was due in the first place to his private fondness for Italian literature. He did not learn Italian in order that he might write his biographies, but he wrote about Lorenzo and Leo because he had mastered Italian, and because the language



led him to take an interest in the greatest house of Florence. The way in which authors are led by their favorite studies indirectly to the great performance of their lives has never been more clearly illustrated than in this instance.

When William Roscoe was a young man he had for his friend Francis Holden, nephew of Mr. Richard Holden, a school-master in Liverpool. Francis Holden was a young man of uncommon culture, having at the same time really sound scholarship in several languages, and an ardent enthusiasm for literature. He urged Roscoe to study languages, and used, especially in their evening walks together, to repeat to him passages from the noblest poets of Italy. In this way Roscoe was led to attempt Italian, and, having once begun, went on till he mastered it. "It was in the course of these studies," says his biographer, "that he first formed the idea of writing the *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*."—*Hamerton's "Intellectual Life."*

#### A JOURNEY IN INDIA.

Our journey was accomplished in a dog-cart, with a fresh horse for every five miles, as was needful in view of the terrible state of the roads. They were so bad as to render the statement "No, I can't ride, but I can sit tight in a shay," no such very contemptible boast; but the first three miles lay along the great Calcutta road, which is, I believe, the finest in the world, and runs all the way from Peshawur to Calcutta. The moment we left this, we were bumped and battered and jolted; now toiling through deep sand, now wading through a portion of the road which lay under water, and then straining the springs of the dog-cart by a sudden jolt over a miniature mud-canal which carried the water across from one field to another. Whenever the instinct of self-preservation left me free to look anywhere but on the road, I took in all the unfamiliar objects with keen delight. Carts made like the old Roman chariots, with small, thick, clumsy wheels, drawn by oxen, and surmounted by little *howdahs* made of scarlet cloth, with one or more natives inside in gayly-colored turbans and dresses, sitting cross-legged in a cramped position impossible to Europeans; great heavy-footed camels, with stupid, ill-tempered looking faces, one of them with a tiny little one lying in a basket on its mother's back, and followed by another young one, the most ungainly creature imaginable, like a badly-made ostrich on four legs; patriarchal-looking groups of men, women, and children, driving flocks of bullocks and goats, and looking as Abraham and Isaac might have done. What is this these two long-legged natives are carrying between them suspended from a pole? It looks like a scarlet *bonbonnière*, a sort of bag the bottom of which is flat, and about the size of a five-o'clock teatable. And it contains?—a Hindoo lady, probably on her way to pay a visit, though how that bag can contain her is a mystery to me, unless, indeed, she is lying coiled round and round, as only these little dark-skinned daughters can coil themselves, and in this position they sometimes perform long journeys without fatigue.

One is disposed at times to suppose that their bones must be gristle, and their joints India-rubber. They never sit in any position except on their heels, which seems to afford them perfect rest, and it is marvellous to see the rapidity with which they move up and down, their feet touching each other, without putting their hands to the ground—all the strain and spring being in their backs and knees.

The women attracted me most, by their graceful carriage, their picturesque drapery consisting of a full skirt and a sort of *bour-nous*, which passes over the head, almost com-

pletely veiling the face. These vary in color, being sometimes bright blue and pink and yellow, the skirt often bordered with a hem of some other color, often very gaudy, but the dark skin harmonizes it all. The most artistic to my mind is the deep indigo blue, but it is more rare in the northwest than in Southern India, where almost all the lower class of women wear it. It is pleasant to watch the easy grace with which they walk, bearing round red earthen-ware or bright copper water-jars on their heads, steadying their burden with one well-shaped, small-wristed dusky arm stretched up to its full length, and covered almost to the elbow, and sometimes above it, with numbers of bracelets. These are sometimes silver, but oftener plated metal, or red and green lac. I once heard of a school, the pupils in which were trained to walk about with tumblers of cold water on their heads; and, when I saw the firm-footed, easy grace of these burden-bearing women, I regretted that the practice was not universal. The pale-faced race may perhaps pride itself on its superiority in the use of the contents of its head, but these dusky daughters of the sun certainly outdo their more favored sisters in the use they make of the outside of theirs. They carry every thing on their heads: jars of water, pieces of cloth, baskets of vegetables, huge bundles of sugarcane, fuel, any thing and every thing, leaving their hands free for any additional burden.

They do not even carry their little black babies in their arms, but either balance them astride on their shoulders, with their little hands on their mother's head, or else astride on one hip, encircled with a strong arm.

I have seen a woman with four water-jars towering on her head and her little baby on her hip, walking along with springy grace, jingling her silver anklets and toe-bells as she went.

They sometimes wear large nose-rings through the left nostril, or else a small starlike nail passed through the nose.

Miss Eden says that little black babies are the prettiest in the world, but I cannot agree with her, for, although there is something very attractive in the bright dark eyes and the full, round black limbs, devoid of any covering, still they always looked to me misshapen. Whether it is natural conformation, or the result of their food, I do not know, but seen *en profil* they display the proportions of the typical alderman, with paunches which would do credit to the stoutest of *Punch's* caricatures.

We pass through dreary mud villages, literally swarming with these little creatures, and over miles and miles of flat fields, each with its creaking well, worked by a pair of slow-footed bullocks, and green with the young crops, though it is near Christmas.

Near the canals and marshes we saw bright-colored kingfishers darting after their prey, and the meditative-looking, tender-hearted *sarus*-birds, that live in pairs, of which, if one dies the other pines away, until grief ends its solitary life.

At last, toward dusk, we caught sight of the longed-for white canvas gleaming between the trees of a not-distant grove, and a few moments more landed us with a final jolt on the borders of a scene bewildering in its strangeness and its picturesque detail.

In the first place, the sight of four large tents, larger than any I had ever seen except at a flower-show, ditched close together, and flanked by some smaller ones, relieved my mind of an overwhelming dread, and left me to take in all the surrounding details with a lightened heart.

How can I describe all I saw? In the distance two huge elephants flapping their ragged ears, and leisurely disposing of hay-cocks of sugar-canes as though they had been straws. Near these, six horses with their blankets on,

tied to some trees, and the trusty steed who had borne us over our final troubles, reaping the reward of his labors in a vigorous rubbing down and a hearty meal, while the dog-cart was apparently resting its much-abused springs. Then there were the great bullock-carts cleverly balanced on two heavy wheels, and the large, white, lazy-looking bullocks lying beside them, peacefully chewing the cud. Roosting on these same carts were the fowls and guinea-fowls, whose food is daily disputed by sparrows, green paroquets, and numberless little squirrels, not like ours at home, but having a fluffy resemblance to small ferrets, scudding hither and thither with a marvellous rapidity of motion, which they seem to derive in some unaccountable manner from the electricity of their up-turned tails. The crows, which abound, and are more impudent even than English crows—have a sort of gray collar and gray breast, and exactly resemble the pictures of the crow in bands who married Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, in the children's story-book. There is no lack of animal life, for three dogs bark us a welcome, a little kitten scampers about with a tail which emulates those of the squirrels, two cows are being milked, and there is a patriarchal-looking flock of goats and kids.—*Fraser's "Camp-Life in India."*

#### THE THIEVES AT CHURCH.

To attend the ministrations of Ned Wright—unless one is a convicted thief—requires a special invitation. His congregation is naturally jealous lest, under the pretense of Jurisprudence or piety, some policeman should attend the service and pick out the man who is "wanted;" but our reverend commissioner contrived to obtain admittance without qualifying himself for the Old Bailey. He procured a card of welcome, which ran as follows: "Mission Hall, Hales Street, High Street, Deptford. Admit the bearer to Ned Wright's supper for men and boys who have been convicted of felony. Doors open at 5.30. Supper at 6 precisely." On the back of the card was written: "Please take care that this ticket does not fall into the hands of detectives, and oblige yours truly, Edward Wright." Upon reaching the neighborhood of the Mission Hall, our author was much importuned for cards by the male population, who, although, alas! with every qualification to be of the congregation, are much too numerous, it seems, for the limits of the pastor's hospitality. In the chapel were seated about one hundred guests, "from the lad of eleven who had served his seven days in Maidstone Jail, to the gray-haired and sturdy culprit who had 'done' three terms of penal servitude." Most of these gentry had got very short hair indeed. A curly-wigged little chap of ten was seated on a back bench, and, though my unpractised eye did not notice his exuberant *chevelure*, his cleanliness and prettiness led me to say, "Surely, Mr. Wright, that boy is not a thief?" "You shall see," said Ned. He went to the boy, and asked him, "Are you a thief?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, with a ready statement of the offense which had got him seven days in Maidstone Jail. "Now, what did you sleep on when you were there, my boy?" "Policemen's jackets, sir." "And how did you travel to Maidstone? Did they take you in a coach and pair?" asked Ned. "Yes, sir," faltered the lad, evidently nonplussed. "Ah! you can go out, my boy; I knew you were not a thief." The practised eye had spotted him in a moment. He lacked, not the white wedding-robe, but the black qualification of conviction for crime, and so was walked out into the darkness. Ned told me he has constantly to be on his guard against this kind of fraud. To get one of those paper bags now being handed round, each containing half a

loaf and a bun, with a jorum of soup that is to follow, men and boys will assume a "virtue," though they have it not; but they have no chance with Ned. He has been through it all himself, and is still as sharp as a nail.

After supper commenced the spiritual work, which, though admirable in itself, was still curiously mixed up with material and practical arguments. First, a gentleman from Port Arthur described in a graphic manner the miseries of convict-life, and how he had been besought by one who had suffered from it "to go and speak to the Deptford boys;" and then "Ned" followed with his homely eloquence, the burden of which was, not only that thieving was sinful, but that it *never* pays. "You thieves," cried he, boldly, "are all cowards and fools." They need not be offended, since he had been one himself, as he at once proceeded to tell them. At the great fire at Cotton's wharf, Ned was following the calling of a lighterman, and, coming down-stream at the time, ran his barge ashore, stole a boat, and filled his pockets with money by rowing people at a shilling a head up and down to see the fire. "What was the consequence?" asked he. "Why, next morning, I found myself lying dead drunk in a gutter in Tooley Street, with my pockets empty." He next heard from a pal that the fat had run down the gratings into the sewers, where it hardened, and was to be had for the taking. Ned and five others got sacks from a rag-shop, and lanterns, and worked their way through the sewers, up to their middles in water, to where the fat was lying thick on the surface, "like a tub of butter out in two." In his eagerness to reach it, Ned outstripped the rest, and, just as he was nearing it, one of his mates opened his lantern to light a pipe. This caught the sewer-gas, and ignited the fat between him and his companions. He stood there, and vowed to God, if he got out, he would alter his course; then, plunging into the water, he swam *under the fire*, and got back safely. "Just so," he said, "you are brave when being 'jollied' by your pals, but cowards when in the silent cell. You are fools, too. You get nothing out of your thieving. A lad in this room stole a pair of boots, worth five shillings and sixpence, and sold them for one penny; another, a jug worth one shilling, for which he got a halfpenny." Then a hymn was sung, to the tune of "Just before the battle, mother;" and on went Ned again, actually forcing the fellows to listen to him with his tremendous lung-power and peculiar habit of dropping down on any "lucky" listener. "Look you here!" he said. "There was a fellow kicking at the door just now. I went out and found a chap as big and ugly as myself, and I pinched his nose rather hard. You wouldn't do that if I was alongside you." He ended with a really eloquent, though homely, picture of Christ crucified between two thieves, and taking one with him to paradise. "The devil says," he concluded, "Can God have such fellows as you in heaven?" Yes, He can. I have been worse than any of you. Before I was seventeen, I fought young Cooper of Red-hill for two hours and twenty minutes, was flogged in her majesty's navy, and tried and convicted at Newgate for felony. I came, like that thief, to Jesus Christ. Take my word for it, thieving don't pay."

After all was over, many staid "to speak with Ned," and as it really seemed—for nothing more was to be got to eat—with sincere intentions of amendment. Some were still strong and hopeful for the future; others "utterly heart-broken at the idea of anybody taking notice of them." At all events, as our author well remarks, these living bundles of rags, dirty and shock-headed though they were, afforded a happy contrast—there, on their bended knees, or recalling from old Sunday-school days snatches of old hymns—to the shouting rabble kicking at the door with-

out—"Unorthodox London," by Rev. C. M. Davies, in *Chamber's Journal*.

#### MODERN HOSPITALITY.

We are supposed to have civilized the forms and perfected the art of society. We look back on the rude feasts of our forefathers with disdain and wonder at their gross gluttony and coarse lavishness. But, at least, they fed the poor in those days of ruder living; and a feast, if wanting in gastronomic art, was bountiful in hospitality. As it is, hospitality is a name; no more. There is none of it in the sense of sharing your goods with others, in our modern entertainments. A dinner or a *soirée* is a social obligation discharged perforce; or an occasion for display; or both combined. To prefer those who need is as far removed from the calculations of the host as the "fire-party" imagined by Punch. No one who gives a party, as it is called, thinks of the real pleasure or good which it will be to the guests; only whether it is "well done" according to the conventional standard—that is, reflecting honor on the giver. The arrangements of society are in themselves utterly barbarous, while affecting to be specially civilized. One could imagine a simple, generous, and most delightful banquet, with music and flowers, and plenty of space and freedom of action—a banquet that did not include three long hours of cramp and surfeit with an indigestion to follow, or a crowded crush in a stifling room where conversation is impossible, and the music not worth listening to. One could imagine arrangements more artistically lovely than now, yet not more costly; a welcome more hearty, and with less parade. But our civilization dooms us to a table where one side freezes and the other burns; where draughts chill the naked shoulders at one end, and the heated air, loaded with unwholesome vapors, threatens apoplexy at the other; to rooms wherein delicate women turn sick and faint for want of oxygen in a fetid atmosphere used up by two or three hundred pair of lungs; it dooms us to accept invitations given by people we dislike, and to eat things that will disagree with us, just as it dooms us to an artificial manner, an insincere smile, a false speech; it dooms us to open our own house to hundreds of our fellow-creatures, not half a dozen of whom we care ever to see again, just as it dooms us to the suppression of all emotion, of all earnest thought, of all honest words; and, when we have made ourselves the most like animated dolls in manner, and put ourselves to most inconvenience for things we detest and people we despise in fact, then we are considered of the best breeding and the most perfected civilization. Half the entertainments, too, given by the middle classes, are only possible through screwing and pinching in things more essential to the true dignity of life than the giving of a dinner badly cooked and worse arranged, which no one who eats really enjoys. Yet, if the food is questionable, kid gloves are *de rigueur*; and you cut your stale fish with electro-plated knives and forks of the covenanted pattern. Honor to those who dare to offer simple pleasures within their means of money and service, and who invite to their house those whom it will both delight and benefit, not those only whom they say they "must" by the queer law of social reciprocity in boredom and pretence!—*Cornhill Magazine*.

#### SNAKE-CHARMER.

The most charming snake-charmer is Mrs. M., whom an inquirer, "not very much afraid of snakes," has been kindly allowed to interview. Mr. M., who received the visitor, after remarks upon the weather, produced out of a cupboard a large boa-constrictor, a python, and several small snakes, which at once made

themselves at home on the writing-table, among pens, ink, and books. Interviewer was a good deal startled, when the two large snakes coiled round and round Mr. M., and began to notice himself with their bright eyes and forked tongues. Mr. M. then went to call Mrs. M., leaving him alone with the boa deposited on an arm-chair. He felt queer when the animal began gradually to come near him, to improve their *été-à-été*, but was soon relieved by the entrance of his hosts, followed by two little children, charming and charmers also. The lady and the children went at once to the boa, and, calling it by the most endearing names, allowed it to twine itself most gracefully round about them. This boa-constrictor, as thick round as a small tree, twined playfully round the lady's waist and neck, forming a kind of turban round her head, and expecting to be petted and made much of like a kitten. The children over and over again took its head in their hands and kissed its mouth, pushing aside its forked tongue in doing so. "Every one to his taste," as the old man said when he kissed his cow. The animal seemed much pleased, but kept continually turning its head toward interviewer, until he allowed it for a moment to nestle its head up his sleeve. This splendid serpent coiled all around Mrs. M., while she moved about the room and when she stood up to pour out coffee.

About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. M. were away for six weeks, and left the boa in charge of a keeper at the Zoo. The poor reptile moped, slept, and refused to be comforted; but, when his master and mistress appeared, he sprang upon them with delight, coiling himself round them, and showing every symptom of intense delight. The children are devoted to their "darling Cleo," as they call the snake, and smiled when interviewer asked if they were ever frightened by it.

Interviewer's conclusion. It is mere prejudice, when snakes are not venomous, to abhor them as we do. They are intelligent and harmless, perfectly clean, with no sort of smell, make no kind of noise, and move about far more gracefully than lapdogs or other pets. These seemed very obedient, and remained in their cupboard when told to do so.—*All the Year Round*.

#### FLOWERS OF THE HEART.

There are some flowers that bloom,  
Tended by angels even from their birth,  
Filling the world with beauty not of earth,  
And heaven-born perfume.

Along Life's stony path,  
To many a toiling pilgrim, cheer they bring,  
And oftentimes in living glory spring  
Beside the poor man's hearth.

Fairest of all the band  
(Even as the snowdrop lifts its fearless head,  
In storm and wind, unmoved, unblemished),  
Truth's precious blossoms stand.

The daisy's star is bright,  
O'er vale and meadow sprinkled wide and free,  
So to the shadowed earth doth Charity  
Bring soft, celestial light.

Oh, cherish carefully  
The tender bud of Patience; 'tis a flower  
Beloved of God! in sorrow's darkest hour  
'Twill rise to comfort these:

So, when all else hath gone  
Of joy and hope, through winter's icy gloom,  
The Alpine violet puts forth its bloom  
Where sunbeam never shone.

Strong Self-denial's stem  
Of thorns, clasp well, for, if not upon earth,  
In paradise 'twill burst in roses forth,  
Each present thorn a gem.

These are the flowers that bloom,  
Tended by angels even from their birth,  
Filling pure hearts with beauty not of earth,  
And heaven-born perfume.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

A HERMIT, long excluded from all active intercourse with the world, and yet maintaining, by means of newspapers, an intellectual survey of the progress of events, would come, we imagine, to entertain many strange conceptions of our civilization.

The extravagance of assertions everywhere, in regard to public and private transgressions, both of morals and taste, is corrected by personal observation; but our hypothetical hermit, without this means of testing the truth of what he reads, depending solely for his impressions of life and society upon the extravagant pictures given by the journals, would assuredly bless his fortune that had withdrawn him from a civilization so corrupt in morals, so coarse in sentiment, so vulgar in taste, so mastered by ignoble passions, as the one he finds described by its contemporary historians. While he would be grateful for the security afforded by his seclusion, and trembling, lest Fate should at some future time lead him into public places, where it seems by the records that no man's life is safe, no man's property secure, no man's person sacred, no man's conduct above reproach, he would stand appalled at the dark, tempestuous, and unholy society that had come as the last product of men's struggles and desires.

We who are not hermits amuse ourselves with the frightful delineations of life, so current in our literature; we pretend even to give intellectual assent to them; we not unfrequently fall into the fashionable vein of depreciation, and, with entire disregard of our personal experience, which teaches us better, echo with lusty applause the accusing gossip and the cynical theory. But we do not feel them to be true. In our daily transactions, we trust men and women; we have agreeable commerce with them; we have acquaintances whom we respect, friends to whom we are attached, near ones whom we love. Our cynicism is little more than idle and half-digested talk, while all the time in our heart of hearts we cherish kindly sentiments for all mankind. But not so our hermit. He gives no mere half-amused intellectual assent to the strange stories he hears. They do not simply in his case fall in with a fashionable or popular view of thought. They come to his anxious heart weighted with significance, not merely as full of danger, but indicative of certain destruction to the society of which they are reported as true. "What!" we can imagine him exclaiming, in vast amazement, "a society in which there is no domestic taste, no modest demeanor, no honesty in transactions, no public trustfulness, no loftiness of sentiment, no homely virtues? Where every man accuses every other of trickery and dishonesty! Where public place is dishonored by open fraud! Where corruption has undermined every institution, falsehood insinu-

ated itself into every heart, and the very air of which is full of scandal! Not only this woful moral plague, but the plague also of filth and foul air—a scientific age that has not even employed science to secure cleanliness and salubrity! Cities wretchedly paved and poorly drained, where filth accumulates in the streets, where sewers vomit their poisoned air into every avenue and every man's chamber, where the whole atmosphere is foul, where all the conditions of living are offensive and revolting! These, then, are the things that have come of your refined and highly-developed civilizations!"

If we chanced to hear these earnest exclamations, we would laugh at their violence, and attempt to explain them away. But he would meet us with our own assertions of their truth. He would call in as witnesses the press, the pulpit, the platform; he would confound us by quotations from thousands of writers and speakers, and leave only our poor, unsustained assertion to the contrary. The hermit, indeed, would have no other choice than to believe, and would pass the remainder of his days mourning the woful degeneration of humanity.

But not only would a recluse, like the one we have pictured, accept these representations as truth—innumerable people are overwhelmed by the persistence and clamor of accusation, and are led to give credence to it. A defamation so general makes, at least, half-converts; and every man thus seduced into the belief of general dishonesty, is half-way dishonest himself.

And here is just where the evils of the practice we condemn come in—it largely creates and augments the very things it denounces. There could not be a more unfavorable atmosphere for honesty than one rank with accusations of dishonesty. Men are kept pure-minded by the existence of pure-minded men to emulate; are animated to honorable purposes by the example of honorable deeds all around them. Wrong-doing must not be condoned; iniquity demands the stern reprobation; but the disposition, so common, to accuse rightly or wrongly, upon mere shadow of suspicion; to discover crime in every institution and fraud in every transaction; to assume that all men are corrupt; to dwell upon, exaggerate, and highly color all offences; to hastily suspect and accuse—this is one of the very worst tendencies of the age. It brings about the very crimes deplored. It nourishes the sins it censures. In some cases it fills the mind with grief; in a majority it produces a reckless readiness to fall in with the majority, with the hope of reaping some of the gains that sin so opulently gilds itself with.

"I do not believe," said a gentleman to us, recently, "that more than one man in a hundred is absolutely honest." Now we assert this condition of things to be morally impossible. There must be many more honest men,

or none. No man could maintain himself in honest ways in the face of adverse influences so general and powerful. Even a small minority of honest men could not resist the pressure of an overwhelming majority. Assume an immense proportion of dishonest men, and you may as well concede a unanimous surrender of principle. Not even a bare majority of dishonest people is conceivable; society could not maintain itself, if the weight of interests were not on the side of uprightness and justice.

If our hypothetical hermit were wise with a large wisdom, if he knew human nature and the records of man, he would see through the clamorous talk—he would detect the impossibility of its truth; and, if he came forth from his seclusion, would soon discover, in innumerable by-ways, in all the quieter and unobtrusive ways of life, amid the great majority of laboring and struggling mankind, a thousand virtues to reward his search.

Worse than crime itself is the noisy and indiscriminating clamor about crime everywhere so current. Justice is among the higher virtues. Moderation is the stamp of wisdom. Discrimination is the characteristic of judgment. Truthfulness is a loyalty due to others and to ourselves. If justice, moderation, discrimination, truthfulness, do not enter into our judgments, we sin more than those against whose sinning we raise our voices.

—Nothing could be a more singular contrast than that between the various religions which centre at Bombay. The fire-worshipping Parsees, in whose gorgeous temple the sacred fire is ever kept alight, whence he carries it to his own hearth-stone, has transferred thither the chief seat of his religion, from its birthplace in the land of Zoroaster; there, rising on the summit of Malabar Hill, above the sparkling waters of the Back Bay, stands the famous Brahmin pagoda, which the heathen may not enter, and the faithful only with unshod feet; there are to be seen Mohammedan mosques, with their domes and their severe simplicity without and within; and there are Greek, Roman, and Protestant churches, representing the polyglot Christianity, which has found sojourning-place on the coast of Western India. A ceremony has just taken place on the sea-shore near Bombay, which at once suggests the contrasts and similarities between widely-varying religions. It appears that not long ago Bombay became infected with the hitherto purely Western fever of speculation. The rapid increase of wealth, the opportunities afforded to Indian cotton by the American war, and a pet project with the speculators to reclaim the celebrated Back Bay from the sea, combined to bring about this financial excitement. Hindoo and Parsee, as well as European, plunged deep into the Back Bay scheme. At last, there came a great crash, and hundreds were beg-



gared in a day. The Hindoos and Parsees had never known such a misfortune; and with their vivid imagination, they set to wondering what could be its spiritual causes. These, to their superstitious minds, were not far to seek. It is well known that most Oriental religions are, among other things, virtually societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Many birds and beasts are sacred; almost all, especially those which are not ferocious, are under a sort of kindly, superstitious patronage. The cause of the great financial crash, then, was found in the sacrilegious attempt, by reclaiming Back Bay, to confine the home of the inhabitants of the sea. The fishes and oysters, the corals and anemones, the lobsters and eels, had been imposed upon and tyrannized over; hence, the vengeance of Heaven. The idea that they had attempted, like Canute, to force back the sacred seas, and to narrow the homes of the finny tribes, shocked the Hindoos and Parsees, who said to each other that they had committed a crime. How should it be expiated? Forthwith, the preparations for a great ceremony of propitiation were begun. A venerable Hindoo priest was sent for from the holy city of Benares, whose sacred qualifications are that he has tasted nothing but milk and fruit for a quarter of a century; three vast tent-like temples were erected on the shores of Back Bay; fire-pits were dug; "ghee" and black sugar, sandalwood, betel, and cocoa-nuts, and the subtle perfumes for which India is famous, were collected. Then the expiatory ceremonies began. Holy "Yogis," habited in ashes and brown rags, took their places outside the tents, motionless day and night, never winking or turning their heads, though the fashion and wealth of the Bombay heathen rode back and forth on the smooth reach of sands behind them. Meanwhile the priest from Benares was within one of the tents, praying to Narayan, god of the sea, and Brahma, to forgive and restore to the faithful the light of their countenances, while costly incense was burned upon the altars. For forty-two days this singular ceremony, in which two very diverse and even hostile sects fraternally joined, was continued; then came a procession of triumph, through the Bombay streets; and the fish and crabs of the Back Bay might once more swim with impunity to the very edge of the purged shores. Here is the spirit of penance and faith carried to the extreme of superstition; and it is a striking fact that the very men who thus indulged in solemn sacrifices, to expiate the crime of restricting the homes of the fishes, are as keen and sharp at a bargain, as learned in the practical laws of barter and sale, as the veriest Yankee or York-shireman extant.

— While some of our partisan newspapers still keep up the old cry against Chinese immigration, a few unprejudiced journals are beginning to discuss the subject from

a more enlightened standpoint; and the opinion seems to be gaining ground that this inoffensive people have scarcely received justice at our hands. We say "inoffensive" advisedly, for, notwithstanding the traditions of Celestial knavery and double-dealing, embalmed even in our literature, we think it demonstrable that the average Mongolian will not suffer in comparison, either in morals or in manners, with the mixed population of most of our large cities, particularly in the far West. But, were he never so bad, the reception so often given to him on landing on our shores would be none the less inexcusable. The sooner we learn to regard his presence among us as a right which cannot be gainsaid, and not as a privilege only, the better will it be for us and for the Christianity which we profess. It is disgraceful to our boasted superior civilization that the Chinese merchants of San Francisco have found it necessary to petition the authorities of that city for protection to person and property, in accordance with the terms of the treaty between this country and China. They call attention to the fact that their presence in America is the result of the intercourse forced upon them by Christian nations, in opposition to their traditional policy; and that China is overrun with foreigners, who receive the protection of their laws and pursue their various avocations unmolested. They consider it no more than fair, if their people are forced to observe the stipulations of a treaty which they did not seek, that Americans should pay some respect to terms of their own making. If a similar protection cannot be given to Chinese subjects who visit the United States for pleasure or for profit, these merchants suggest that the treaties should be abrogated, and the citizens of each nation expelled from the dominions of the other. Who can deny that these heathen have not the best of their Christian persecutors? A great deal of the acrimony and spite stirred up against the Chinese in California has been the result of misapprehension in regard to their rate of increase. Demagogues have recklessly asserted that, unless stringent measures were adopted to stop the influx, there was imminent danger that the State would ultimately become little better than a tributary colony of China. The census report is sufficient to prove the groundlessness of such fears, but the *Alta California* newspaper has lately compiled statistics from the custom-house records in San Francisco, which exhibit it in a clearer light. These tables, which give the arrivals and departures for twenty years past, show that the annual increase is only three thousand and eighty-six, while that of the white population is about fifty thousand. At this rate it would require three hundred and twenty-four years before the Chinese colony would number a million souls; from which the inference may safely be drawn that none of the present generation of California politicians will live

to see the Golden State overrun by the Mongols. But, even if they were increasing ten times as fast as they now are, and thirty thousand, instead of three thousand, were landed annually, our present policy is no less a short-sighted one. We have an immense territory to develop, and new fields for labor are continually opening. The prices which all kinds of labor, skilled and unskilled, command, prove that there is no excess of hands. There is work enough on our railways in the West, and on the plantations of the South, to employ all the Chinese who are likely to immigrate hither without interfering materially with the established rate of wages. If John Chinaman underworks his neighbor for a time, it is the result of ignorance. As soon as he learns his power, he is sure to demand the full worth of his labor; and he is careful to do his work so well that his services cannot be dispensed with. He is industrious, intelligent, temperate, and frugal. He is a close observer, a ready imitator, and quick to grasp a theory or an application. As a mechanic, he is unexcelled; and in commercial enterprise he approaches nearer to the Anglo-Saxon ideal in shrewdness, energy, and activity, than almost any other nation. The British appreciated his qualities in the beginning, and turned his abilities to account. The wisdom of their course is proved by the prosperity of their Eastern colonies, which have been largely built up by the Chinese. In all their colonies collectively, the latter constitute at least one-third of the entire population, and in Singapore two-thirds; yet we hear no talk of repressing immigration. On the contrary, every facility is offered them to settle in British territory. Setting aside the abstract question of right and wrong, which, we are sorry to say, seldom enters into modern political calculations, we believe that a similar policy pursued in this country would be found to pay as well. At any rate, we do not believe that California would suffer much by a thorough trial of the experiment.

— The "servant-girl question" would have been talked to death long ago, were it not of such paramount and permanent interest to nearly every member of the community. It is an unending subject for essayists when other topics are exhausted, it is the first thing touched upon in conversation, when housewifely confidences begin, and it claims a large space in every book on household economy. We have a code of instructions, in fact, which, if carefully carried out, would make us put Turveydrop himself to shame in our deportment toward Bridget; and yet, in spite of all this talking and writing, the relations between mistress and maid are confessedly getting worse every day, and nothing practical in the way of remedy seems ever to be suggested. Now, we do not pretend to be able to settle the question, or even to add any thing to Miss Beecher's and "Marion Harland's" admirable formulas; but there is one rule which English experience has devised, and which is certainly

effective in making Bridget far more docile and mannerly than with us; and to it we would call attention. This rule is, never to employ a servant who cannot bring satisfactory reference from her last place, and so rigidly is it adhered to by all classes that it is said to be little short of ruinous for a girl to be sent adrift in London without a favorable "character." Of course, we understand that this is supposed to be our own rule in the matter; but what is our actual practice? In five cases out of six we either demand no reference at all, or else accept that of some "intelligence-office" agent, whose sole acquaintance with the girl he recommends consists in taking her fee and bringing her under the eye of her employer. Bridget is so well aware of this that she seldom asks for a recommendation, or for permission to refer. A woman came to a house-keeper's door the other day in response to an advertisement, bringing a "reference" twelve years old—having in the mean time been to California, and to various cities East and West; and, in another case of which we heard recently, a woman had been in the habit of referring regularly to a family in which she had served two years previously. During these two years she had twice been in the House of Refuge and once in Sing Sing; yet, in both cases, doubtless, these recommendations were accepted as readily as if they had been based on the experience of the previous twenty-four hours. Before searching after far-fetched and impractical solutions of the question, it would certainly be well to harmonize our practice with a rule which is preeminently common-sense, which can easily be carried out, and which long experience in England has proved to be efficient. It is not claimed, of course, that it would leave no more complexities to be adjusted, but simply that it would put Bridget under more powerful inducements to good behavior, than a lifetime devoted to practising before her the theological virtues and the amenities of social life.

— We have so frequently denounced the practice of carrying the pistol, and argued that the epidemic of murder could only be arrested by an aroused public opinion in this matter, that we welcome with satisfaction an article in the *Nation*, in which the mischiefs of the habit are cogently presented. "It cannot be said," it remarks, "that a murder committed by one who goes about with a deadly weapon in his constant possession, is the same kind of offense, even if it be committed on the spur of the moment, without previous deliberation, as an ordinary homicide. The reason why he carries a pistol is, that he knows his habits are very likely to bring him into positions in which it will be convenient for him to take some one's life—not that of a particular individual, but to take life. He may therefore be said to be in a constant state of preparation for murder—a state very dangerous as well as alarming to society. It is obviously just as much for the interest of society to prevent large numbers of people going about armed, as it is to prevent the storage of nitro-glycerine in the cellars of hotels. No attempt has yet been made to deal with this class of cases, and we see only one

way in which it can be dealt with. When a homicide has been committed with a weapon such as a pistol—in other words, with a weapon habitually used as a deadly weapon—let this be *prima-facie* evidence of a criminal intent; let it be incumbent upon the person who has committed the act to explain to the jury how, why, and when, he became possessed of the weapon, what his object was in carrying it, whether for self-defense or for what other reason. The jury would not then be bound to find him guilty, but might acquit him if he convinced them of the absence of criminal intent. At the same time, juries would be reminded, in a way they generally need, that people are not in the habit of carrying every day on their persons the means of death, without at least a vaguely-formed desire to take life. Such a law would operate as a wholesome lesson to the pistol-carrying class, and tend to make the carrying of concealed weapons a dangerous business." These suggestions are excellent, and, if heartily indorsed by public sentiment, would soon become effective means of rendering murder less frequent. But it is the public sentiment that needs to be aroused. A short time since, an eminent judge on the New-York bench defended the practice of carrying weapons, asserting that a man's life was not secure without this means of protection, and declaring that he never went without a loaded pistol. While our very judges hold these views it will be difficult to obtain a reform of the evil.

— A "Literary Fund," though it should not be, is unknown in this country. That which exists in London, and which has just been honored by Mr. Gladstone's chairmanship at its annual dinner, is a substantial boon to meritorious but unfortunate authors. Indeed, as far as organized assistance goes, the "*genus irritabile*" is better cared for in England than in any other country in the world. The "Royal Literary Fund," which was established some sixteen or seventeen years ago, now distributes two thousand pounds annually among deserving writers. Besides this assistance, there is a provision for distributing some thousands of pounds from the Civil List in annual pensions to literary people; while the literary field has become so much wider than formerly, that Grub Street has practically almost disappeared. The difference between the Literary Fund and the Civil List pensions is, that while the former is distinctly charitable, the latter are not so, or at least are not exclusively so. Tennyson, Ainsworth, William Howitt, and many others who have been pecuniarily successful, enjoy Civil List pensions; it is a reward of merit, not a benevolence. In distributing their funds, the authorities of the Literary Fund aim to select such objects as by merit, as well as misfortune, deserve recognition and aid. Cases notably in point were that of Leigh Hunt, and more recently that of John Poole, the author of "Paul Pry." Moreover, the Literary Fund is patronized by all classes. Its president is Earl Stanhope, the distinguished historian; last year, the King of the Belgians presided over the annual dinner; and among his predecessors were Lord Lytton, the

Duke of Devonshire, and other nobles. Mr. Gladstone, at the last dinner, made one of his happiest efforts, at once critical and eloquent, in which he enlarged on the services of literature, but did not omit to mildly chastise the daily press for its too hurried editorials and often rash strictures upon public men.

— The *Paris Figaro*, like some journals nearer home, is always eager for a sensation, and its newest one is a proposition for dividing the territory of France into four separate portions, each of which is to have its separate ruler, Parliament, and governmental machinery. "France proper" is to have the Count de Chambord for king and Versailles for capital. Aquitaine is to enjoy the sovereignty of the Count de Paris, and Toulouse is to be her seat of government. The Duke d'Aumale is to rule over Burgundy, of which the capital will be Avignon; and the prince imperial is to wield the sceptre over Corsica and Algeria, with Algiers for the chief city of his dominions. It thinks that one sufficient recommendation for this policy of "diffusion" is, that it would get rid at a stroke of the present competition between rival dynasties; while France could still maintain her place among nations by having all questions of common interest, such as issues with foreign powers and the like, settled by a general Parliament, which, it is proposed, shall assemble periodically at Tours. Paris, it will be observed, is relegated by this scheme to the position of a rural town; and, while the Orleans family, in the persons of the Count de Paris and the Duke d'Aumale, have two of the four great territorial divisions, no provision whatever is made for the republic, which is now *de facto* sovereign of all.

— In New York, and probably in all our other large cities, play would seem to be always more important than work—in the estimation of the authorities. Every time a company or two of militia appears on our streets, or a target-excursion, or a parade of any sort occurs, no matter how private or special the purpose, the right of way is given to the procession, to the great disturbance of business. Cars are stopped, stages turned off into side-streets, where they become inextricably locked together in woful confusion, trucks and other loaded vehicles are arrested to the serious loss of shippers, and a general disturbance created, merely to afford a few idle people an opportunity to display themselves. The business streets of the city at best are so thronged that progress is difficult; the forcible intrusion of a foreign element, like a procession, not only stops travel in the street through which it passes altogether, but causes all the adjoining streets to be choked up, and disturbs travel for a long distance.

## Art, Music, and Drama.

THE Cennola Collection of Antiquities, of which we gave a brief description in a late number of the *JOURNAL*, is supplemented, at the Douglas mansion, by a variety of curious and interesting objects, which form a "Loan Collection," and to which several prominent New-Yorkers have contributed.

Chief among these objects in importance

are about two dozen pictures, several of them fine old specimens, conjectured to be by artists of eminence, while the others are among the best examples of modern work that we have ever seen. The confusion of mind one feels at coming into a crowded picture-gallery is absolutely escaped here, and, sitting in the nearly vacant chamber in which they are placed, with only these few really good works about him, the visitor can study at his leisure the points and details of Turner's "Slave-ship," Holman Hunt's painting of "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," and the elaborate beauty of Zamacola's "Monks dining in their Refectory." Among the old pictures are two portraits, dark with age, which are called Titians, and at any rate are very finely executed. A Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and others, collected by Mr. Walter Brown in different parts of Europe, are entitled to consideration on the score of their probable authenticity, having been bought by a gentleman of so much knowledge and discrimination as Mr. Brown.

Among the modern works, are two paintings by Couture: one a head, a masterpiece of painting, in simple light and shade, and for its strong harmonious color. Holman Hunt's "Isabella and the Basil-Pot" is the best example of his work that has ever been on public exhibition here, we believe, for the painting of the "Light of the World" was much smaller, and, if more beautiful as a work of art, it hardly showed as many of the peculiar points of this founder of the English pre-Raphaelite school.

Of Turner's "Slave-ship," it is needless to speak, since the public and the press noticed it so thoroughly a year ago. One of the finest specimens of the "Persian-carpet" style of color, as it is designated by somebody, is a magnificent kaleidoscope of stuffs, the interior of a slipper-merchant's bazaar in Cairo, by Viljejos. A hoary old Arab, turbaned and half clad, wrinkled, skinny, and brown, is squatted cross-legged on his divan, displaying silk, kid, and embossed leather slippers, of every hue and shade of embroidery, to another person not much better looking than himself, while in the quiet recesses of the apartment curls of blue smoke rise from the pipe of a young Arab, lazy and calm. Above the divan, against the walls and scattered in every direction, hang and lie about rows of heelless slippers, their toes being fitted closely one within another in long strings.

Another beautiful medley of color is a painting by Boldini: two girls in a maze of skirts and mantles, and nothing in it (the picture) very distinct, except one beautiful and exquisitely-modelled arm of one of the girls, the only formed feature in this palette of colors. Besides these works, is a very fine Merle and a Gerome—the latter a painting of a pair of Arab couriers running into or out of a castle. They are very elaborately delineated, and would be good, except that they are evidently models posed in the attitude of running, but, the figures really being still, the play of muscle necessary to action is wanting in an amusing degree.

The foreign pictures in the stores of the dealers, and which are for sale, are generally very far from being the best works of the artists, so that the visitor will find this picked collection, which is owned by some of our best connoisseurs, better worth study than a dozen, we might say a hundred, ordinary exhibitions of foreign paintings.

One department of the "Loan Collection" consists of a multitude of articles of pottery, and these, like the coins, require the knowledge of the amateur to give them great in-

terest. To travelers in foreign lands, they will pleasantly recall the museums and collections with which they are familiar, but to us, we confess, the shape of a plate or the pattern of a vase, which makes one specimen of delft more precious than another, and the superiority of tiles from Cairo over those from Bethlehem, is an unknown pleasure, and the different patterns and manufactures which delight the initiated, are like hieroglyphics to most visitors. This collection is the most complete that has ever been got together here, and, for the first time, the opportunity is afforded to the public to study carefully the differences in wares familiar to us hitherto only by their names. Many of the articles will at once rivet attention and admiration: beautiful Dresden china plates, with birds on them, delicate and graceful; Sévres-ware, with charming heads in life colors and monochrome, and a delightful variety of rich and elegant vases from China and Japan. The famous blue china-ware is in immense variety in the Avery collection, as well as many small vessels of malachite, green *lapis-lazuli*, and other charming tints. Perhaps the most unique thing in the whole collection, is the oak carving of screens, confessionals, and recesses, brought from some chapel in Belgium, and which is five or six hundred years old.

Every one is familiar with pictures of these carvings, which line the walls of old halls and churches abroad, four or five feet higher than a man's head, and the readers of Ruskin will remember the commendation he bestows on the pious artisans who so conscientiously carved flowers, cherubs, and vines, themselves unknown, but leaving this fruit of their lives to be enjoyed so long as the materials out of which it was wrought should hold together.

We cannot close this brief notice without referring to an interesting collection of old watches. They are of all sizes and shapes, ranging from the size of a nut to the dimensions almost of a clock, delicate enameled timepieces, of the period of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze, down to those of the shape and size of a flattened orange, the reminiscence of our childish days, when we were allowed to listen to the ticking of the big gold watch from our grandfather's pocket.

The specimens of illustrated Bibles and missals are quite beautiful, and in very fine preservation; while the bindings of red and white leather, elaborately gilded and embossed, would delight the heart of a book-fancier.

The London *Spectator*, in an article on the French *artistes* at the Princess Theatre, which ought to be studied by the entire race of English and American actors, speaks of Madame Plessey, who for many years has shone "with a brilliance which is still undimmed," as follows: "Observing her, one comes to understand what the training of the school at whose head she had long stood really is; how it embraces every trifling detail, and, granting the *artiste* the free conception of the character, involves such study of every line of its *tournure* as, if it ever existed in English dramatic art, of which we have much doubt, has been unknown since the days of the giants. There is no vehement gesture, not a word is spoken above the natural tone of a highly-bred woman's voice; but what subtle expression there is in the slight shiftings of the hands; in the action of the wrist and forearm, quite peculiar to Madame Plessey; in the perfectly-enunciated sentences, wherein no point is ever omitted, or ever forced; in the delicate intonation which marks her relation to each person in the scene; in every motion where movement is necessary;

in the easy, dignified attitude when she sits still and listens, as none but she, even among French actors, can listen, without the slightest indication that she knows what is coming next, or ever so faint a recognition of the presence of the 'house.' . . . The perfection and completeness of her acting in all the minor details, so important in preserving illusion, produce a delightful sense of secure satisfaction. Did any one ever come on and go off the stage as she does, so calmly, so gracefully, so accidentally, without the least suggestion of waiting outside in the one case, or making an effect in the other! To see her give an order to a servant, bid adieu to a visitor, take up her work, seat herself *au coin du feu*, or respond to a call from the audience, is to see the minutely conscientious artistic sense at the highest point of realization, and it makes one doubly impatient of actresses who cannot sit still, who do not know how to talk, and who arrange their gowns on occasions of deep emotion, by means of furtive kicks which everybody sees."

Many Cowden Clarke writes from Geneva to the London *Athenaeum* as follows: "Last night, at the Teatro Paganini here, one of Italy's best living tragic actors, Ernesto Rossi, gave a performance of 'Amleto,' the Italian version of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet.' It is a finished piece of impersonation; careful, and very refined. The mingled awe and tenderness that pervade his manner toward the spirit of his father, the abstraction and melancholy of his demeanor throughout, the aroused look of wandering wits when answering those who address him during his assumed madness, evinced scrupulous study of the author's text, and great power of acting. The famous soliloquy, beginning 'To be, or not to be,' was delivered with a concentrated earnestness of thought and impressed imagination that well merited the enthusiastic appreciation it received from the audience. Although extreme quietude marked the general tones and bearing of Rossi's declamation, yet he rose into noble energy where the passion of the dictation demanded it, and his inflections of voice were varied and expressive. The fencing-match in the last scene was an exquisite piece of grace and manliness, while the closing touch of making the Danish prince stagger on to the throned seat, when effecting the death of his usurping uncle, and there towering above the mass of human ruin brought about by his kinsman-foe, formed a picturesque and appropriate final effect to the drama.

"Where the loss was most felt of the ineffable charm thrown into the character of Hamlet by Edmund Kean, was in the address of princely apology to Laertes, and in the scene with Ophelia; where the passionate reproach, the fervor of vehemence in regret, the restless breaking away and reiterated return, the bursts of wild taunt of the English actor, but sufficed to render more visible the under-current of tenderness still lurking in his soul toward her. "Yet, notwithstanding my vivid remembrance of Edmund Kean's Hamlet, Ernesto Rossi's 'Amleto' is a beautiful piece of acting, and forms an extremely interesting companion-picture of Italian Shakespearean representation to Adelaide Ristori's Lady Macbeth, and Tommaso Salvini's Otello."

It is always difficult to construct a good drama out of the diverse materials of a novel; and it is quite as difficult for an actor to give a rendition of a popular character in fiction in a manner to meet the expectation and preëstablishing ideals of his audience. These difficulties have, in both cases, been largely overcome



in the version of "Jane Eyre," now at the Union Square Theatre in this city. The drama is symmetrical and compact. While, of course, it omits a vast deal of the novel, and necessarily hurries the incidents, yet it gives a direct, sustained, well-developed story, quite satisfactory to those familiar with the novel, and to those who are not—whose numbers, however, must be few—there is no confusion, obscurity, or uncertainty in the well-laid scenes. It is a far better dramatic version of the novel than any other one we have had in English. Charlotte Thompson plays the heroine very well. She enlists the sympathies of the audience at her first entrance, and holds them completely to the last. She has a pleasing face, a sympathetic voice, and many winning ways. Altogether, her rendition of it is a performance well calculated to captivate her auditors, and would be nearly perfect if her delivery were more spontaneous and genuine. She understands the stage thoroughly; but, in catching the thousand-and-one tricks by which the skillful actor makes his scene, she has also copied some of the false methods of the stage, permitting sound to obscure sense, and substituting sentimental sweetness for genuine feeling. Still she is very good as acting goes, and the performance at the Union Square only needs a good Rochester to be thoroughly enjoyable.

The French Exhibition has a picture of marked character, by Mr. Castellani, illustrative of the late war. It is styled "*Les Turcs à Wissembourg*," showing a charge of those warriors to have been executed in a fashion which, apart from its valor and sanguinary consequences, explains why the Germans objected so bitterly to the "beastly Turcos," or the "poor Turcos," as the respective sides described them. "If this picture is faithful," says the *Athenæum*, "one can appreciate the disgust of the well-drilled Germans, for the Turcos fight in highly unconventional modes, and, with outlandish weapons, rush under the bayonets of their big opponents, and cut their throats before they could be expected. Well-organized and highly-Christianized troops reasonably objected to fight tigers in human shape; so here the latter are in a swarm, wedge-like, cutting the enemy in two parts, yielding a heavy percentage of lives, but as resolute as they are fierce. There is *dan* in this picture beyond even the wont of French military designs, which, whatever may be their shortcomings as works of art, are rarely deficient in *dan*. It is well put together, the motive is given with emphasis, and no injustice is done to the enemy who, for the first time, encountered troops such as Charlemagne employed. So the work has fascination enough to overpower our horror of the subject, and compel us to return to it."

A contemporary, referring to "Madelein Morel" at Daly's Theatre, says: "A drama is to be seen nightly at one of our most fashionable play-houses that, twenty years ago, would have been deliberately hissed off the stage." It is now nearly twenty years ago since "Camille" was first produced in this city, and, instead of being hissed off the stage, it was hailed by a large class as a moral drama. People who had given up theatre-going came out of their retirement to see it. Clergymen were found to commend it. There was denunciation from some quarters, but our very best people, as a class, gave it their hearty support. And yet of the two plays "Camille" is more objectionable than "Madelein Morel." We imagine it is the artistic critic mainly who is shocked at the immorality of this play. The general public only see a woman desperately struggling to

escape from a life of sin, and their sympathies are instinctively aroused in her behalf; the critic searches for the meaning veiled under every doubtful passage, discovers significance in a hundred things the rest pass by, and is morally shocked, principally because he is altogether too much alive to the conditions which, to the ordinary imagination, appear to be discreetly draped by the skillful dramatist.

There has just been uncovered in Vincennes the bronze effigy of one of the numerous glories of the First Empire, the heroic Daumesnil. More appropriately distinguished, in that way, than was Wegg as "the literary man with the wooden leg," Daumesnil has long been historically famous as *la jambe de bois*. As a private soldier he first attracted the notice of the great Napoleon one day upon the battle-field, when a smoking bombshell had just fallen immediately in front of the conqueror. Instantly upon the dropping of the bomb, a couple of grenadiers sprang from the ranks and clasped their arms round Napoleon. The shell exploding directly afterward, the three thus locked together were covered with dust, but—uninjured. Daumesnil rose to be a general; and, in the statue now raised to his memory at Vincennes, the place he so heroically and stubbornly defended in 1814, he is represented as in the act of replying to those who had brought to him from the camp of the allies the demand for the surrender of that fortification—"Quand vous me rendrez ma jambe, je vous rendrai la place."

It has recently been announced that Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. Dion Boucicault are together writing a play to be produced in the beginning of the coming season. But last autumn we were told by Mr. Augustin Daly's playbills that a new drama by Mr. Bret Harte alone was in active preparation. We do not like to be cheated of this. All the winter and spring we looked for its production; but now the season is over, and it has not been produced. A play by Mr. Harte and Mr. Boucicault together is something to look forward to, it is true; but Mr. Harte seemed to us so fitted for the creation, unaided, of something fresh, vigorous, and imaginative, that we have continued to hope his drama might not remain unfinished. Does the mysterious Mr. Daly really possess it, lying *perdu* in some of his coffers, or was it never more than projected?

"After a long period of stagnation," says a London journal, "English composers seem once more to be coming to the front, at any rate as far as sacred music is concerned, for no fewer than five new oratorios are announced for production during the autumn in London, Hereford, Bristol, Birmingham, and Glasgow, the respective composers being Mr. J. F. Barnett, Sir F. G. Ouseley, and Messrs. G. A. Macfarren, Sullivan, and Smart. The subjects are drawn, in two cases, from the Old Testament, and in three from the New, Mr. Sullivan having chosen the effective superscription of Holman Hunt's famous picture, "The Light of the World," as the title for his work. If the musician equals the painter, we shall have cause to be grateful."

A recent Saturday in London, according to the London *Graphic*, was one of the most musical days of the season. Starting from Kensington, an enthusiastic amateur might have looked in at the Albert Hall and heard Madame Nilsson sing "Angels ever Bright and Fair," take a cab for St. James's Hall, left it waiting while he listened to M. Gunod's "Farewell March of a Marionette," and then having driven to the Floral Hall in time to hear Madame

Patti sing "Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Town." The *Graphic* inquires what other city in the world equals this.

## Literary Notes.

"BIBLICAL MONUMENTS," by William Harris Rule, D. D., and J. Corbet Anderson, is a new English volume, a small edition of which has been imported by D. Appleton & Co., the object of which is to place side by side with the leading historical portions of the Holy Scriptures such confirmatory illustrations as are afforded by the antiquities of the Eastern world, especially the latest-found monumental remains, and by authentic and contemporaneous historical records. It does not treat any subject of Biblical literature controversially, nor present the reader with a repetition of those evidences of revealed religion which are now so accessible, but collects together, in one volume, materials interesting to the general reader and valuable to the student, by directing him to associate the sacred writings with great events and important documents of secular antiquity. The illustrations comprise photographs from the original bricks stamped with the names Uruch, Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, and Cyrus, and from the tablet containing the Chaldean story of the Deluge; photographs and drawings of Rameses II., oppressor of the Israelites, and other Egyptian monuments; accurate ground plans of Nineveh, Babylon, Athens; a large photograph of a bass-relief from Nineveh, and also one from the Temple of Minerva, at Athens; the Moabite Stone; the splendid fragment from the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; a photograph of the recently-found Greek inscribed slab from the temple at Jerusalem, and a photograph and drawing of the bass-relief on the arch of Titus; photographs from the original marble busts of the Roman Emperors of New-Testament times, Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, and Trajan; authentic views of Hebron, Bethlehem, Sichem, Kedron, Jerusalem, Joppa, etc. These pictures are accompanied by facsimiles of portions of the most ancient Biblical manuscripts, namely, Sinaitic, Vatican, and Alexandrian Greek manuscripts; ancient Syriac manuscripts; a facsimile of a portion of the Samaritan Pentateuch, and also of Hebrew manuscripts; photograph from the Psalms in Greek written on papyrus, extremely ancient; also a photograph from another papyrus manuscript, being part of the Gospel of St. John in Coptic; the Meso-Gothic of Ulphilas; St. Augustine's Latin Gospels; the celebrated Durham manuscript, with its interlinear gloss in the now lost Northumbrian dialect; and a tracing of commencement of the Prophet Isaiah from the glorious Latin Bible of Charles the Bald; translation of the Gospels in Anglo-Saxon, and a facsimile of Ælfrie's Anglo-Saxon paraphrase of the Pentateuch; a facsimile from a manuscript which formerly belonged to Canute: this is written in an old Teutonic dialect; Ethiopic, Armenian, Slavonic, Arabic, and Waldensian manuscripts, etc. The price of this unique and valuable volume to American subscribers is thirty dollars.

Both American and foreign critics have given a cordial reception to Julian Hawthorne's "Bressant." A recent review in the New-York *Sun*, evidently written by one having a personal knowledge of the young writer, gives some interesting biographical details regarding him, and closes with the following estimate of his work: "In point of power and

of interest, and especially in grace of style, the book is not palpably inferior to the romances of the elder Hawthorne. It has the same weird sort of fascination that enchants us in 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'The Marble Faun,' a fascination hard to define and difficult to account for by any special passages in the book. The scene, the characters, the tone of the story, are purely American. It is a study of real life, which bears every mark of exactness and accuracy even in the smallest detail. The author has great descriptive power, and clothes his landscapes and his interiors with a light as vivid as that of noonday. The rough-backed Berkshire hills 'which seemed inspired with the souls of mountains, ever seeking to burst the narrow bounds that confined them,' are depicted with admirable force, and so also is the air and aspect of a hot day in one of our terrible heated terms, as well as the fury of a winter storm, and the features of a winter landscape. The book is warmly praised by the English papers, especially by the *Athenaeum* and the *Examiner*, for its genuine American character, though the reviewers are sadly puzzled by certain familiar Americanisms of style which seem natural enough to us. The *Examiner* is especially troubled by the fact that Cornelia, the professor's eldest daughter, compares herself to a 'mammoth squash,' the Englishman evidently not being quite certain what a mammoth squash is, but clearly apprehending that it is something dreadful, and not at all 'nice.' 'Bressant,' in brief, is a decided success, and places the young author at once in a foremost place among the promising writers of the day. He writes already much better than his father did at the same age, and, having a better education and a broader culture, it is safe to anticipate that he may raise the name of Hawthorne to a higher pitch of fame than it has yet attained."

In spite of its improbabilities, and the way in which its author has somewhat overdone what was originally a sufficiently well-conceived plot, Miss Louisa Alcott's "Work" is on the whole a good book, and a pleasing one. Its character has already been so thoroughly described, so turned about and analyzed by the daily press, and its publication was heralded so long in advance by announcements and letters from Boston, that whatever one may say in the way of recapitulating the contents of the volume is sure to have been forestalled. To confine ourselves to our own impressions of the book, it seems to us that it wins its place not by means of, but rather *in spite of*, its story. Beginning with a somewhat ostentatious and inartistic indication of what its moral—the commonest of life's morals—is to be, it proceeds to point that moral by a series of adventures and vicissitudes in the existence of its heroine. These are so improbable in their succession, so detached (for they are connected only by what we must call inexplicable jumps), and so without bearing upon one another, that if it were not for the brilliancy and vivacity shown in their several separate descriptions, they would be utterly destroyed by their almost ludicrous positions in the whole novel, and by the constant *non sequitur* which the reader is always on the point of uttering in protest. "Work" is a mosaic of good things, badly put together; and Miss Alcott, with her brain teeming with illustrations of the theory she has so earnestly advocated, should have remembered the good old legal rule, that it is not the multitude, but the clearness of the proofs, that convinces.

We have already had occasion to speak, in advance of its publication, of Mr. J. C. Rankin's

volume of poems in Scotch dialect, and our readers have already had a specimen of the skill with which the author uses the quaint, familiar language. Mr. Rankin's book, which he calls "Auld Scotch Mither," has now appeared (published by Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co.), and gives us a more extended exhibition of his powers. To write in the dialect of Burns is in itself an audacious attempt, and one which only genius could make seem entirely successful to two nations with the words of Burns himself well known in almost every household. We have no intention of claiming the least genius for Mr. Rankin's poems; but of the shorter lyrics and ballad-pieces we say, as before, that they seem to us to have no little grace and beauty, and to possess much of that simple, delicate sentiment the Scotch dialect seems to convey so aptly. With the long poems in this volume—especially perhaps with the "Auld Scotch Mither" itself—we frankly confess great disappointment; they seem to us entirely below the level of the shorter poems, and we are sorry that they should occupy the first place, thus perhaps deterring many readers from penetrating to the really worthy part of Mr. Rankin's work.

Dr. Walton's "Mineral Springs of the United States and Canada," recently published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., seems to be attracting the wide attention it deserves. We noticed a fortnight ago a volume of somewhat similar aim by Dr. Moorman, published in Philadelphia—a valuable book, as we then said, in its manner of treating the subject of mineral waters. Dr. Walton's book is in many ways fuller and more satisfactory in several branches of investigation, and it has the effect of showing us that what seemed exhaustive treatment when we had read only the former volume and not the latter, is now shown to be but one view of a topic which is rightly held to be among the most important medical matters of the time. The fact that such a light is thrown upon it by two useful volumes of such valuable and masterly information, will, we hope, greatly enhance the worth to us of our springs, and put an end to the numberless abuses that have prevailed among the popular methods of "taking the waters."

Louisa Parr's "Hero Carthew," which Messrs. Holt & Williams have wisely rescued from the terrors of its English title, "The Prescotts of Pamphillion," is a bright and excellent novel, with very human and well-drawn characters taking part in the action of a cleverly-conceived though not faultless story. Its heroine, from whom the book takes its new name, is perhaps the person who gives most interest to the whole; neither of the heroes is drawn so evidently *con amore* as is this capital type of a certain womanly girlhood. Like nearly all the "Leisure Hour Series" which we have praised so often, this novel is one that entirely fulfills its purpose most pleasantly and healthily, and gives us one more instance of the excellent judgment shown in the selection of the books that make up Messrs. Holt & Williams's library of light reading.

"Under the Greenwood Tree," another of the "Leisure Hour Series," and one which, in strictly following the order of publication, should have been first noticed, is a little story without striking incident, without any thing, in fact, that can properly be called a plot; but having the very decided merits of freshness and real originality. Taking for its leading characters the members of an old-fashioned choir in a remote, quiet English village, it makes of their quaint, simple life, their small

strivings, their great quarrels with the rector on the subject of church music, the love-making of their youngest singer, and the various village festivities in which they take part, so odd, and quaint, and vivid, and humorous a picture, that it is attractive in every way, and praiseworthy both as a piece of thoroughly artistic work, and as a contribution toward everybody's entertainment.

## Scientific Notes.

IN a recent number of the JOURNAL, reference was made to the superiority of American literary magazines over those of England, as dispensers of scientific intelligence, and promoters of general scientific education. Upon that occasion, the journals cited were those known as literary, not scientific magazines, and the comparison was, if we mistake not, so decidedly in our favor as to justify a little self-congratulation, though surely it was, "not that we love Caesar less, but Rome more." Turning from the literary press, to that which claims attention solely for its scientific merit, we again find source for congratulation in the fact; the American reader has now at his command one of the most instructive, entertaining, and complete of monthly scientific journals. We allude to THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, published in this city, and conducted by Professor E. L. Youmans. The July number of this journal, now before us, presents a table of contents so attractive alike to the professor, the student, and the amateur scientist, that the question is, not where to end, but where to begin, since to commence is to finish. The illustrated article on "How the Sea-Depths are explored," with which the July number opens, is both timely and interesting, and those of our readers who are interested with us in the "Cruise of the Challenger," and to whom the "Hassler" has become a household word, will find, in this description of deep sea-sounding and dredging apparatus, much that will render the subject of submarine explorations more clear and satisfactory. A second illustrated paper, from the pen of Elias Lewis, on the "Longevity of Trees," cannot fail to attract and instruct the farmer and botanist. Following these and other of the so-called popular articles, are the more solid and yet equally interesting treatise on "The Nature and Origin of the Drift-Deposits of the Northwest," by N. H. Winchell; "The Hereditary Transmission of Acquired Physical Habits," by Dr. William B. Carpenter; and the continuation of Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology." We should not venture to present at so great length the claims of this periodical, did we not believe that in so doing we were aiding toward the advancement of scientific truth by directing our readers' attention to this, its latest and most valued exponent.

It having been announced by the daily press that Dr. Brown-Séquard contemplated returning to Europe, there to continue his valued physiological researches, and a correspondent to the *New-York Tribune* having expressed his regret that this justly-renowned scientist could not be retained as a professor of the Anderson School of Natural History, Penikese Island, Professor Agassiz has addressed a letter to that journal, in which he states that, "hearing of Dr. Brown-Séquard's intention of paying a summer visit to his scientific friends in Europe, I felt that my hopes for the school were involved in his movements, and I at once determined to do my utmost to induce him to join me in laying the most solid



foundation for the Anderson School. . . I have so far succeeded," he adds, "that my friend has promised me to give up his journey to Europe, and to stand by me until the school is fully organized, and I know I shall have the sympathy of all true friends of science in my success. Whether it will be possible for me to induce Dr. Brown-Séquard largely to forego, for the present, the advantages of a medical practice, to devote himself hereafter chiefly to physiological experiment, the future may decide. But what I rejoice in is the fact, now settled, that we shall have, in connection with the Anderson School, a physiological laboratory worthy of the high importance physiology has gained of late years in reference to medical science; and thus the School may extend the range of its usefulness in the application of science to the practical arts of modern civilization."

We have already noticed in the *JOURNAL* the important discovery made by Mr. George Smith, that one of the stone fragments preserved in the British Museum contained a history of the Deluge, which coincided in the main with the Scriptural account. Mr. Smith, who, as special agent and correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, has been continuing his researches in the East, now makes the encouraging announcement that, by a most fortunate discovery, he has gained possession of a broken tablet, containing the very portion of the text which was missing from the deluge-tablet. In addition to this valuable discovery, he adds: "I have come upon numerous valuable inscriptions and fragments of all classes, including very curious syllabaries and bilingual records; among them is a remarkable table of the penalties for neglect or infraction of the laws." A notice of these important discoveries would be incomplete without a hearty word of congratulation and praise for the journal through whose liberality and enterprise they were made possible.

The committee on the Economic Arts of the French Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, has this year awarded its grand medal to Sir Charles Wheatstone, for his researches in the qualities of sound, as illustrated in his speaking-machine, for his various ingenious instruments by which sound-waves may be rendered visible, and thus studied by the eye, and for his numerous researches on the application of electricity, in which, as the report states, "he has shown at the same time profound science and a genius marvelously inspired." After a graceful recognition of the claims of England, the report closes as follows: "In conferring on Sir Charles Wheatstone a reward rendered valuable by those who have already received it, the council performs a pure act of justice, and acquits, at least for some among us, a debt of gratitude."

We learn, from *Nature*, that Sir Josiah Mason, who has already built and endowed an orphanage, at Erdington, near Birmingham, England, at a cost of over a million dollars, has now arranged to erect and endow a scientific college in Birmingham, for which will probably be expended at least an equal amount. The institution is to be called "Josiah Mason's College," or "Josiah Mason's College for the Study of Practical Science." Regular systematic instruction is to be given in mathematics, abstract and applied physics, with mathematical and experimental chemistry, theoretical, practical, and applied; the natural sciences, especially geology and mineralogy, with their application to mines and metallurgy; botany and zoology, with special application to manu-

factures; and physiology, with special reference to the laws of health. Mere literary education and instruction are excluded, as well as all teaching of theology and subjects purely theological.

In a prominent Western journal we find it stated that the Sierra-Madre Tunnel Company of Colorado, with Colonel George Heaton as president, has been organized for the purpose of tunneling through the Rocky Mountains. English capitalists have come forward and subscribed all the stock—sixty million dollars—and work has already been commenced. By means of this tunnel, the company expect to reach all of the one hundred and fifty fissure-veins of silver-ore known to exist in the mountains, and, if their calculations do not miscarry, the earnings will many times replace the amount invested. It is estimated that the cost of the work will not exceed twenty million dollars.

At the last regular annual meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Bartle Frere was elected president, Sir Henry Rawlinson retiring from the chair. The vice-presidents of the society for the coming year are the Earl of Derby, Sir H. Rawlinson, Sir R. Alcock, and Admiral Richards.

The Smithsonian Institution received, at one o'clock on Saturday, June 14th, a telegram from Professor James C. Watson, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, announcing the discovery of a new planet in 17h. 16m. of right ascension south, and 21° 43' of declination, rapid motion north, eleventh magnitude.

A German manufacturer proposes to dry cloth textures by passing them over several rows of pipe apertures, out of which issues superheated steam. This penetrates the fabric, and, by virtue of its affinity for water, dries the texture without burning it.

## Sayings and Doings at Home and Abroad.

THE Church of Rome in England was the subject of an article in the London *Telegraph*, recently, which was stated to be printed "with the formal sanction of his grace the Archbishop of Westminster." The paper thus concludes: "The attitude of the Catholic Church in England, Scotland, and Ireland, toward all the forms of Christianity which exist around it, is not one of hostility, but of hopefulness. It believes all the Christian doctrines that the separate communions in England believe. It would fain that they all believed all the Christian doctrines which it believes. It would not diminish one jot or one tittle of the truths which they retain. Its mission is not to pull down, but to build up. Its labor is not to destroy, but to fulfill. It is, in its spirit and in its action, essentially constructive and conservative. It desires that showers of blessings may fall upon England like the early and the latter rain; and that 'the land that was desolate' may rejoice, and that the wilderness may flourish like the lily." Every fresh light that springs up over England is a cause of thankfulness, and a growing light has been visibly descending upon England for three generations. The Catholic Church bears the heart of Him who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. Its mission is one, first of truth, then of peace, of charity, order, benevolence, and beneficence; and, that these things may be handed down undiminished, it stands inflexibly for the tradition of Christian education, which, from the mission of St. Augustine to this day, has never yet been broken. Its thoughts toward England are thoughts of peace. They who mistrust it do not know the

Catholic Church. They who would stir up Englishmen against it, whatever be their intentions, are not the friends of our common country."

Lord Houghton (formerly Richard Monckton Milnes) is one of the literary veterans of London, and has been a familiar figure in society there for nearly half a century. Upward of a score of years ago he was described as follows, by Mr. Disraeli (in "Tancred"), under the name of Mr. Vavasour, and he is as much of "a social favorite" now as then: "A poet, and a real poet, quite a troubadour, as well as a member of Parliament; travelled, sweet-tempered, and good-hearted; very amusing and very clever. With Catholic sympathies, and an eclectic turn of mind, Mr. Vavasour saw something good in everybody and every thing. . . . Vavasour liked to know everybody who was known, and to see every thing which ought to be seen. His life was a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. He was present at the camp of Kalisch in his yeomanry uniform, and assisted at the festivals of Barcelona in an Andalusian jacket. He was everywhere and at every thing; he had gone down in a diving-bell, and up in a balloon. As for his acquaintances, he was welcomed in every land; his universal sympathies seemed omnipotent. Emperor and king, Jacobin and carbonari, alike cherished him. He was the steward of Polish balls, and the vindicator of Russian humanity; he dined with Louis Philippe, and gave dinners to Louis Blanc."

There is no part of the world probably in which social distinctions are so inflexible and so rigidly observed as among the English residents in India; all of which is illustrated by a characteristic bit of gossip which is going the rounds of the English papers. The story runs that a lady, belonging to the "upper ten" of Calcutta, called at a house, sent up her card, was admitted, and had the usual amount of small-talk with the lady of the house. Returning home, she informed her husband where she had been, when that distinguished member of society at once sent a note to the "Occupant of the house No. —, — Street," saying that his wife had called by mistake, and requesting the return of the card she had left with the lady of said house. The husband of the lady visited, however, was equal to the occasion, for he replied that, on returning home and finding the card, he had examined his wife's visiting-list, and not finding the name of the visitor, had torn up the card, and was, therefore, unable to return it.

Mr. Ruskin's scorn of mankind in general, and England in particular, finds characteristic expression in a late article on the "Economies of Home." He says he "hates the very name of the public," and that he "labors under no very oppressive anxiety either for the advancement of science or the salvation of mankind." "Patriotism," he thinks, "is perhaps the last emotion that one can now conveniently study in England, for the temper which crowns the joy of life with the sweetness and decorum of death can scarcely be manifested clearly in a country which is fast rendering herself one whose peace is pollution, and whose battle is crime; within whose confines it is loathsome to live, and in whose cause it is disgraceful to die."

Mr. Ruskin has lately sided with the Socialists in their views of property, and maintains that "no man ever became, or can become, largely rich merely by labor and economy. All large fortunes (putting treasure-trove and gambling out of consideration) are founded either on occupation of land, usury, or taxation of labor. Whether openly or occultly, the landlord, money-lender, and capitalist employer, gather into their possession a certain quantity of the means of existence which other people produce by the labor of their hands." He holds that every great fortune represents a great social wrong, and that the capitalist should be paid, not for his capital (which he did not create), but for his ability as a superintendent of labor.

The tide of revolution is fast rising in England, the old order of things is passing away,



and even the ancient and honorable office of "parish beadle," which has stricken awe into the minds of small boys for a thousand years, bids fair to be abolished. This office having become vacant in the parish of Ilington, the other day, a special meeting of the vestry was held, and, after much vigorous discussion, it was resolved—first, that the beadle should not be required to attend at the parish church during Sunday services; second, that, instead of the gold-laced coat and hat worn by him, he should be supplied with a "plain blue uniform;" and lastly, that, the local act of Parliament and ancient custom to the contrary notwithstanding, he should no longer be called "beadle," but simply "messenger." This revolutionary proceeding is shaking English conservatism to its centre.

The Marseillais, who enjoy excellent opportunities for acquiring a taste for shell-fish, since the Mediterranean seaboard produces edible mollusks of surpassing quality, have established kiosks all along the approaches to the old harbor, in which oysters, mussels, cockles, and other bivalves, are displayed for sale. It is curious to see the passers-by, going to and from their business, stop before the shelves on which they are displayed, getting them opened, sprinkling them with lemon, devouring them, paying for them, and darting off in all haste, to repeat the snack on their return. This goes on from morning till night.

An eminent American, who went to Europe, some years ago, on a mission which brought him in contact with most of the leading statesmen of the day, says: "The man who impressed me most of them all was Stuart Mill. You placed before him the facts on which you sought his opinion; he took them, gave you the different ways in which they might fairly be looked at, balanced the opposing considerations, and then rendered you a final judgment in which nothing was left out. His mind worked like a splendid piece of machinery; you supply it with raw material, and it turns you out a perfectly finished product."

A very curious and interesting paper, in the June number of the *Fortnightly Review*, shows that the art of photography was discovered and practised with success, in London, one hundred years ago, but was suppressed at the instance of the government, which feared that, if it became known, it would be employed by forgers and counterfeiters. The writer of the article backs up his statements by proofs which seem conclusive—among them the existence of photographs taken a hundred years ago, and now in the museum at South Kensington.

If we may believe the *Danbury News* man, the verse-writer is one of the terrors of journalism even in that Arcadian place. He says, in a recent issue: "We found a majestic poem on our desk this morning. The paper and ink appeared to be above the average. The author does not give his name; but there is a young man pacing the walk in front of this office, who occasionally looks up to the window."

The Gentile opponents of Brigham Young in Utah assert that his recent pretended resignation of his various trusts was merely an ingenious manipulation of the Mormon Society so as to secure the succession of his son Joseph to the leadership.

Hepworth Dixon, of all men in the world, is coming over to lecture to us about the Spanish Republic and the new German Empire. The next arrival will be Sir Alexander Cockburn, with an oration on international courtesy.

The origin of the title of the "Christian Year" is said to have been an old French devotional work in twelve volumes, entitled "L'Année Chrétienne," which Mr. Keble saw once in a bookseller's shop at Oxford.

Daylerford House, in Worcesterhire, the favorite residence of Warren Hastings and the place where he died, is advertised to be sold at auction.

Christians in the employ of the Turkish Government are hereafter, so it is officially announced, to be compelled to work on Sundays.

One result of Mr. Plunsoff's book about the abuses and wrongs of English sailors is to set Charles Reade writing a novel on the subject.

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

**JUNE 13.**—The Spanish ministry announce the separation of Church and state. Señor Nicolas Salmeron elected President of the Cortes.

The French Government sentences Henry Rochefort to transportation to New Caledonia.

Death of Major Henry Ewing, of the *Daily Times*, of St. Louis, Mo.; and of Frederick Pinckney, Deputy State Attorney for Baltimore, Md.

**JUNE 14.**—Carlists, under Lizarraga and Allo, invade Biscay. Report of a Carlist victory near Oyarzun, in Guipuzcoa.

Death, at Berlin, of Frederick Ludwig G. von Raumer, the eminent German historian, aged ninety-two years. Death of John Camden Holten, a well-known London publisher.

**JUNE 15.**—Five persons drowned while boating near Montpellier, Vt.

Frank Gillen, of New York, murders his wife, Ellen.

Death, at Boston, Mass., of William Minot, jurist, aged ninety; and at Freeport, Me., of Colonel Jesse Soule.

**JUNE 16.**—Dispatch that the Sultan of Zanzibar had signed a treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave-trade, negotiated by Sir Bartle Frere.

Report that General Nouvillas had defeated Carlists under General Doregaray, near Vittoria; three hundred Carlists killed and wounded, seven hundred taken prisoners.

M. Goulard succeeds M. Boule, who resigns as French Minister of the Interior.

Dispatch of the occupation of Kungrad by the Russians under General Werewkin, 30th ultimo, the Khivans having abandoned the place; and of the advance of General Werewkin along the Oxus, the Khivans retreating.

Intelligence of the drowning of six soldiers of Captain Moore's command, 31st ultimo, by a freshet in the valley of Blackwood, Omaha. Over fifty others escape by clinging to trees.

Intelligence of the death, at Paris, of Count Philippe de Sertignues, author of works on political economy; at Grät Styria, of Baron von Knbeck, a noted Austro-Hungarian diplomatist; and at Constantinople, of Halil Pasha, Grand Master of Turkish Artillery.

**JUNE 17.**—Bill suppressing the religious societies passes the Roman Senate.

Dispatch of the surprise and defeat of a detachment of Spanish troops by the insurgents near Yucatan, Cuba; forty Spaniards killed.

Sioux attack a surveying party near Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory, but are repulsed by troops under General Rosser; four Sioux killed.

Death at Roselle, N. J., of Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D., LL. D., ex-Chancellor of the University of New York.

**JUNE 18.**—Nasser-ed-Din, the Shah of Persia, arrives in London, and is received with extraordinary honors.

The Admiralty Court, at Cadiz, Spain, censure the captain of the *Murillo* for running down the *Northfleet*, and disqualify him for service.

**JUNE 19.**—Dispatch that the Russians had carried Khojaili by storm, 27th ultimo, and that the Khivans had fled to the fortress of Mangit, but were pursued, and the fortress captured June 1st, when the Khivans fell back to the capital, the Russians pushing after them.

The National Assembly of France grants authority to the military department to prosecute M. Ranc, a member of the Assembly, for press strictures on the MacMahon government.

Susan B. Anthony sentenced by Judge Hunt, of the United States Court at Canandaigua, N. Y., to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and costs of prosecution, for voting in November, 1872.

Death, at New York, of Horace F. Clark, President of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

**JUNE 20.**—Intelligence that the Belgian Government had refused a safe-conduct to the French Communist, General Cluseret, and no-

tified him that if he came into the country he would be arrested and surrendered to the French authorities.

Death of John A. Kennedy, late Superintendent of Police, New-York City.

**JUNE 21.**—Additional defeats of the Carlists announced.

Michigamme City, on Lake Superior, destroyed by fire; eight lives lost. Extensive forest-fires in many parts of the country.

Cholera epidemic in Southwestern cities, United States: fourteen deaths at Memphis; fifty-nine at Nashville; six at Cincinnati. Cholera appearing in Prussia, Italy, and Bulgaria.

Death, in Brooklyn, of Lewis Tappan, famous abolitionist, at the age of eighty-five.

## Notices.

**TO INVESTORS.**—To those who wish to reinvest Coupons or Dividends, and those who wish to increase their income from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, as well secured and unusually productive.—JAY COOK & CO.

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